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The Cover



How easy it seemed beforehand! Blind man's buff, a treasure hunt, all the old favourites... and Father providing a grand finale with some sure-fire sleight of hand. It couldn't fail. But here's a magician who's discovered that his box of tricks is no match for that hypnotist in the corner. Still, artist Stan Coleman's wise cover wife knows a trick or two herself, and while the children aren't looking she's going to conjure a long, cooling drink from a magic box of her own in the kitchen.

Free Speech

JOHN BULL ILLUSTRATED pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post, and in our feature, "We Advise."

New Club Rules?

WE British people pride ourselves on the fact that our Empire has matured into a Commonwealth, united by free association. But as a member of the Mother Country I should be happier to see fewer of the injustices, both racial and political, which are tolerated and even condoned in Ghana, South Africa, India and Pakistan. They are nothing to be proud of, and are a skeleton in the cupboard of our "family of nations." I should like to see a charter of freedom drawn up and signed by each member nation of the Commonwealth. Any country that refuses to sign, or breaks any of the rules laid down, should be barred from membership.—R. S. T., St. Albans.

Not So Sanguinary

I have lived most of my life among horse-riding people, and know that only about two and a half per cent of horse riders take part in blood sports ("Free Speech," December 20). There is a legion of other riding sports, such as hacking, jumping, trotting, racing, tent-pegging, gymkhanas and drag-hunting. The latter is a good substitute for fox or stag hunting. The scent is laid across country, hounds are put on to it and the result is a gloriously exhilarating chase.—SQUADRON LEADER M. FITZGERALD, Alexandra Grove, North Finchley.

Front-line Honours

King George VI visited the Normandy beachhead just after D-Day and conferred honours on a number of officers and n.c.o.s of the invasion forces (JOHN BULL, November 29). The investiture was held at the Tactical H.Q. of Field-Marshal Montgomery. About sixty officers and men of Monty's H.Q. formed three sides of a square in a field. The King walked round chatting to the men after the ceremony. Some idea of the risk he was taking may be gained from the fact that shortly after the H.Q. moved, the German artillery was ranging on the road near the camp; several shells landed in the camp, killing a number of my colleagues.—J. KERRY, King Edward Road, Ipswich.

A Case Of Words

I read with fear the suggestion that "operation" should become "physical adjustment" ("Free Speech," December 20). If the event arises, I hope I am admitted to hospital for an operation—not hospitalized for physical readjustment.—M. MEDWALL, Hayes Chase, West Wickham, Kent.

Safety Bumps

One good way to stop speeding in built-up areas ("Free Speech," December 20) would be to have slightly raised elliptical wavers on the road surface at frequent intervals. The risk to his car and his neck would help to deter the reckless driver.—K. GRIFFITHS, Newbridge, Monmouthshire. "This would certainly cut down the speed of traffic in built-up areas," says the Automobile Association. "However, it could possibly

lead to even more road accidents, especially on roads which carry heavy traffic."

... On some cars the handbrake is on the driver's right. It is therefore impossible for someone in the



passenger seat to reach the brake in an emergency.

It should be made illegal for driving instruction to be carried out in a car in which the handbrake is not accessible to the instructor.

Otherwise there seems to be very little purpose in having an experienced driver in the car.—A. A. LANE, Hampton Lane, Blackfield, nr. Southampton.

Easy English

During an interview about my grandson his teacher turned down the idea of coaching at home, saying: "It would never do for the boy to master the alphabet until he is able to read."

How could the boy learn to read if he didn't know the letters of the alphabet?—G. M., Falkirk.

"This teacher was using what is known as the 'look and say' method of learning English," says an educationist.

"Advocates of this theory say that by becoming familiar with common words by getting to know their shapes, a child learns English without being baffled by the many inconsistencies in our language."

"Of course, classroom methods are left entirely to the individual teacher, who works out his own approach to any theory."

Fine Fashions

For years I have listened to people of my own generation moaning about our teenagers idolizing anything that was American.

Now they're being equally critical of the current craze for anything that's continental.

During this year there's bound to be some new cult among our youngsters. What will it be—Russian? Swedish? Chinese?

Whatever it is, I shall welcome any trend that shows that today's young people aren't so insular as my own generation.—I. STEPHENSON, Edinburgh.

Names The Same

The owner of Hilhouse's the hatters in New Bond Street (JOHN BULL, December 13), above which Charles Dickens is said to have lodged, is Mr. John Harman.

Is it just a coincidence that the hero of Dickens's book *Our Mutual Friend* was called John Harmon?—MRS. N. EMMETT, Stanley Road, Keighley, Yorkshire.

"My grandfather, John S. Harman, founded his hat shop in Bond Street in 1850—but not at the present premises," says Mr. John Harman. "My father and I took over the

Hilhouse premises and business just after the first World War."

"Dickens often used or adapted real names for his characters—and he did shop in Bond Street," says Leslie Staples, editor of "The Dickensian," magazine of The Dickens Fellowship.

"But there is no authentic record of his ever living in Bond Street. This is a common fallacy which may have started from an essay in 'The Uncommercial Traveller.' It was largely autobiographical, but fact and fiction were liberally mixed."

Those Rich Dunces

Surely brains never make money ("Free Speech," December 13). As a surveyor in private practice I find that my wealthiest clients were failures at school. Now they are mature they live on their wits.

It is becoming increasingly difficult to find pupils willing to take



up professions, but one need only study the "wanted" columns of newspapers to see that the greatest demand, and apparently reward, is to be found for scientists or physicists. Scarcely anybody wants to be his or her own boss.—T. R. LEE, Oldham.

They Got Away

Although no King Edward VIII threepenny pieces were officially issued ("Free Speech," December 20), one or two have recently been offered for sale to coin collectors.

They realized a high price. Did they leave the Mint illegally?—T. E. ROBERTS-LEWIS, Stanwell Road, Penarth, Glamorgan.

"While no coins bearing the head of King Edward VIII were ever officially issued," says the Royal Mint, "somehow a few threepenny pieces got into circulation."

Money For Old Cars

For insurance purposes the minimum value of a car is £100. Therefore, the motorist whose car is valued at £40 has to pay the same amount as the motorist whose car is valued at £100.

But in the event of the total loss of the car, the insurance company will pay only the "replacement value," which is £40.

It seems unfair that insurance companies should charge for something which they never intend to pay.—J. F. GOLD, Parkstreet Lane, St. Albans.

"There's nothing unfair about it," says an insurance company official. "The premiums cover repairs and third party insurance."

"A car valued at £40 is just as prone to damage as one worth £100. Insurance companies must have a minimum premium or some people would be getting cut-price insurance."

SARACEN

by BRIAN CLEEVE

All my life he had bullied me, and always
I had given way. This time he had
gone too far—he had stolen my girl

I CAME happily up the beach, threading my way through the deck chairs and the beach umbrellas. The sun was warm on my back, the sand soft under my bare feet. And up on the terrace of the big hotel customers were sitting over their coffee. In the afternoon they would want to be taken out in the big motor launch, and I would wear my new white cap and a clean white singlet, and earn three thousand lire an hour for my father, and quite a few hundred lire for myself.

So I sang with contentment, walking up the warm sand, up the hot stone steps beside the terrace of the hotel, into the little enclosed square that formed almost the whole of the village of Castello.

And as I set foot in the square I saw them, Gioia and Alberto. The song stopped in my throat. Gioia. And Alberto. He was leaning against the bonnet of a little grey car. It was three years since I had seen him, but if it had been thirty-three I would have known him at once. The broad white jaw; the black stubble on the cheeks disguised with powder; the narrow moustache no thicker than his heavy eyebrows—I knew him all right. He must have been doing well these past three years.

Gioia had her back to me, but the way she was standing, the tilt of her head with its cornsilk hair, even her stillness, showed that all of a sudden she was alive. As if for the three years that Alberto had been away she had been dead, and now she was alive again. She moved a little, and her brown shoulders rippled in the white, tight sheath of her play-suit. She was laughing at something, and Alberto threw back his head to laugh, too, and saw me.

He shouted: "Ah, Carlo! Come here!" I walked slowly forward; my face was sweating.

Alberto drew his lips back in a smile of pure happiness. "You don't look glad to see me, little Carlo," he said.

I'm not, I wanted to say, but my mouth wouldn't shape the words. Gioia had turned to me and the look in her eyes was like a blow in the face. It was as if she didn't know me. The last three years had vanished—the three years when we had grown even closer until it was accepted by everyone that soon we would be betrothed, and soon after that married, thus uniting the *Pensione Castello*, the

boarding house which her mother owned, to our own bathing beach establishment.

And now Alberto was here again. "It's nice to be back," he said, drawing out his pink silk handkerchief from his breast pocket, stirring a wave of perfume towards Gioia and me. A barber's razor came part way out with it, and then slipped back again. Under the sleek fit of his jacket there was a thickness that might have been a well-filled wallet—or a gun. Alberto had obviously climbed many rungs up his chosen ladder.

ALBERTO said with amused contempt: "And nothing has changed?" He flicked me across the eyes with the handkerchief, and then drew it carelessly under the tip of Gioia's nose.

"Night in Paris," he said. "Five thousand lire a bottle. A bit different from the old days, eh?" And he pinched Gioia's arm between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand.

"Have you remembered me?" he said to her, as if I weren't there. As if I were dead. "Have you waited for me to come back?"

"Oh yes," she whispered. "Oh yes." "Don't," I said to him through stiff lips. "Don't do that."

He held her arm for a moment longer, slowly turning his eyes to me, widening his smile.

"Carlo!" he said wonderingly. "You seem to have forgotten things since I went away." As slowly as a dream he let go of Gioia's arm, tucked the pink foam of silk back into the pocket of his striped suit, drew out his razor and opened it.

"Do you know what they call me in Milano," he said pleasantly. "The boys in the District? They call me the Barber." And with a flicker of bright white steel the razor was caressing my cheek.

The sun still shone. It spread gold light on the grey stones of the little square, on the red awning over the doorway into the bar of the *Pensione Castello*, on the curving rim of the cliff as it swept behind the village up to the Castello itself, the grey Saracen tower on the headland. I could even still feel the warmth of it on my back. But it was like a dream. The only reality in the world was the cold kiss of the razor on my cheek.

A visitor walked by, a stout Dutch woman in a blue peasant skirt and a wide, flopping straw hat. Should I call out to her? But what could she do? She wouldn't even understand

what I said, what was happening. It would be as it had been years ago when we were children, and Alberto tortured one of us.

The grown ups would look at us without seeing us, would think we were happily playing. And how could the victim dare to say that we weren't?

Sometimes, Alberto used to make us walk on the parapet round the Saracen Tower. Or worse still, on the parapet of the terrace in front of it, on the very edge of the headland, with nothing but the sea 150 feet below. I remember my mother whipping me for walking on that parapet after she had told me not to. And even then I couldn't tell her that I died ten deaths doing it. That I did it only because Alberto made me. How could I explain it to her? How can you explain to an adult what it is to be a child?

And now Alberto was here again. He turned the edge of the razor slightly so that it nicked my cheek, and laughed without any sound coming, the way he always used to when he saw someone afraid. "Run, little rabbit. Run, little Carlo," he said. "I'll call you when I want you again. Perhaps we might even go up to the Saracen Tower and re-live old times?"

He wiped the reddened corner of the razor on the front of my singlet, and dropped it back into his pocket, his smile vanishing with it.

"Now," he said. "Via." He opened the door of the little grey car and folded himself into the front seat. "Come," he said to Gioia, jerking his head for her to go round the far side of the car and get in beside him. "Let's find somewhere we can eat some decent food. Maybe Genova." Genova was more than seventy kilometres away. "I don't fancy eating in this hole-in-the-cliffs."

Gioia smiled, smoothing her hands over the short white skirt that stood out round her slim hips like a ballet dancer's frock. "How can I go like this?" she said. "Will you wait while I change?"

"Gioia," I said, trying to make the one word plead for me. I don't think she so much as heard me.

"We'll buy you a dress when we get to the big town," said Alberto. "Come on, get in."

She smiled again, and then laughed, with something wild, almost hysterical in the sound of it. "Genova? All the way to Genova for lunch?"

"To Milano if I feel like it. Get in

immediately, or I'll leave you behind with the rabbit."

She pushed me out of the way, and pulled open the far door of the Topolino. It started to move before she even had her legs inside, slamming forward with a sudden roar of the engine, brushing its bonnet past me, snarling round the tiny square in a tight circle, while Gioia struggled to slam the door. And all the time she never looked at me, never seemed to know that I had been there.

The Topolino snarled and scurried into the mouth of the lane leading out of the square, crashed gears with a shriek of metal as it took the slope, and was up on to the high road behind the village. A second later I saw it come out from behind the houses and begin the long curve round the bay.

THEN I turned back down on to the sand, forgetting why I had come up in the first place. The beach was empty now except for my mother and father coming towards the steps.

"Time to eat," said my father. "I will eat down here," I said. "I have something to fix on the boat." Not that I wanted to eat—only to avoid questions.

"You've cut your cheek," said my mother.

"Shaving," I said. "I have to take the Americans and the Dutch lady out after lunch." I went past them, down to where the big launch lay on its crutches, ready to be pushed into the sea. Why hadn't I hit him? What if he had slashed me? What if he had shot me dead there on the stones at Gioia's feet? Wouldn't that have been better than what had happened?

Or else, why care? Why care about Gioia, who could turn from me after three years as if they were three minutes, and look at Alberto as if he were the dazzling sun? I leaned against the warm, smooth gunwale of the launch, thinking of the times I'd suffered for her. And of the times she'd suffered for Alberto. She was afraid of him, too. But even while she was afraid she adored him.

And then one night he had vanished. The rest of us had waited for a day, for a week, for a month, until it seemed quite certain that he was really gone. Three months and six months went by, and we almost forgot him. His mother, whose life savings he had stolen before he went, left the village to go and scrub floors in Genova, and

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TOWER



Only Gioia tearing at my shirt was holding us back. I slackened my grip and watched Alberto's eyes as he felt himself going. "No!" he shrieked

How Prince Philip is changing the Royal Family

He had to beat the old guard, or bow to them. His ideas shock high Society, statesmen—even the Queen



With Father at the wheel, they're like any other



A BANNER hanging in a New York street along which the Queen rode on her visit to the United States, proclaimed: "Hiya, Liz!"

"God Bless You Dear," were the words embroidered on a bed sheet outside a cottage in Mevagissey Harbour when the Queen returned from her world tour in May, 1954.

There is something incongruous yet heartwarming in this cheeky familiarity. But it is significant, too.

Edward VIII, who often proclaimed that "class could no longer stand apart from class," stripped much of the magic from the throne.

Circumstances forced George VI to continue the trend, though against his personal wishes. But his daughter is at one with her people, her nation's newspapers and her government in finding no fault with the new chummy, yet amicably critical, attitude to her activities. In this she is a realist.

George VI had an almost superstitious regard for the Royal destiny. He was greatly upset when Scottish Nationalists stole the Stone of Scone from Westminster Abbey, simply because of the legends about the fate of the ruling house if the stone left London.

"I'm not superstitious," the Queen said once to a friend. "But I do feel that good wishes, like prayers, are important to those to whom they are directed." In this belief, the Queen has moved down from the remote and lonely pedestal of monarchy and come nearer to the people.

In Canada, a boy runs up to the Queen for her autograph. In Nigeria, a man jumps on the running board of the car to present a petition. In Sydney, typists and clerks stop the Queen's car and try to shake her hand.

The tangible results are no different from those of a century ago. Nobody gets an autograph, petitions must be sent through the usual channels, a Royal handshake is possible only when formally arranged.

Yet the fact that the attempts are made is an indication that awe of Royalty is disappearing. And the Queen appears to like it.

Less obvious to the public but very

noticeable to those close to the throne are the changes at Buckingham Palace. At meals, for example, the old rule of never speaking to the Sovereign until spoken to has been abandoned.

"I remember ghastly silences at the Buckingham Palace luncheon parties," recalled one elderly statesman. "On one occasion the only sound was the King—George V—spitting cherry stones on to his plate."

The new informality goes deeper than conversation at meals, and is due to a very great degree to one person—Prince Philip. Like a breath of fresh air, he has swept away the fusty formality which had pervaded the Palace since Queen Victoria's reign. In many ways it was for him a personal battle: he had either to move the dust of ages or be choked by it.

The battle is by no means over. Tradition, backed by large numbers and the strange mixture of necessary duties combined with sinecures, is a formidable adversary.

The Gold Sticks, the Ladies and Women of the Bedchamber, the Lords in Waiting, the Gentlemen Ushers, the Serjeants at Arms, the Bargemaster, the Keeper of the Swans, the Clerk of the Closet, the Corps of Gentlemen at Arms—the holders of these anachronistic titles are mostly traditionalists.

A handful of younger and essential officials represent the forces wholeheartedly on the side of Prince Philip. He had, until his marriage, lived the carefree life of any ordinary officer in the Royal Navy. His only home in England was the tiny house in Chester Street which his uncle, Earl Mountbatten, had rented during the war.

Life without luxury

The Prince had a bedroom up five flights of narrow, steep stairs at the top of the house, which had in previous days been a servant's room. It was furnished with the bare necessities.

"Move yer feet, ducks," the charwoman would say to him, and the Prince would swing his long legs on to the bed while she swept underneath it.

In this house he imbibed the strong Socialist views of Edwina Mountbatten and the imaginative flights of his Uncle Dickie, who always wants to improve on anything and everything.

After such frugality and easy democracy, the pomposity of Buckingham Palace was overwhelming.

"I've seen him move restlessly on his chair and drum his fingers with exasperated impatience when the late

The Prince after polo. "Forget the protocol, darling," he once told his wife. "People want to see you smile"



family—except for the detective in the back seat. The heir to the throne is being taken to school...



where he is only one of a crowd of boys in shorts

"King was alive," a Court official said, "especially during luncheons for Ambassadors of the old school, or dinners to foreign potentates. Yet with younger diplomats and modern-minded personalities, like Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, at functions where he was the host, the Prince's conversation was lively and intelligent. I had a feeling he would change things when he got the chance."

The Prince has done more than speed up meals and change etiquette. He has altered the conception of duty.

"Forget the protocol, darling," he said once, when discussing a Royal function with the Queen. "What people want is to see you smile—the rest can go hang."

The Prince is well aware that in repose the Queen sometimes looks cold and sullen. She has inherited, through her father's line, the long upper lip

which can make her face very forbidding.

In the Dominions at the end of a long day the Royal couple passed through a crowd of deaf and dumb children. The Queen was tired, and looked it.

"Cheer up, sweetie—give them a smile," the Prince said under his breath. To his astonishment some of the children burst out laughing. They had lip-read his message.

It was difficult at first for the Prince to make the Queen forget her official existence, even in their personal life. She had, since childhood, been groomed for a very different kind of Queenship—gracious, charming but aloof—a mother figure to her country and Empire. This was the figurehead originated by Queen Mary. No one visualized any other sort of monarch.

Psychologically the Queen suffered from the clash of her modern outlook

and the sense of duty drummed into her by her father and grandmother.

They had insisted that she was a dedicated person and forecast that she would be able to restore the monarchy to its pristine remoteness.

When she first ascended the throne, the Queen felt this was a difficult but inevitable rôle. When a problem arose, her instinct was to visualize how her father and grandmother would have acted under the same circumstances. By background and training, she was a traditional head of the State. But she was also married to a democratic, realistic young man who was not afraid to speak his mind.

Prince Philip's unconventional attitude towards her could, and can still, shock the Queen. Some time after they were married he was talking in his own sitting-room at Clarence House to an acquaintance who remarked that he had never met the Princess.

"Oh, but you must meet her!" the Prince exclaimed. He went into another room and came back with Princess Elizabeth. "Let me introduce my wife," he said amiably.

"I knew at once the Princess was offended," said his guest afterwards. "She stiffened and a cold, rigid little hand just touched mine. It was quite obvious that, like her great grandmother, she was not amused."

Since the Queen's accession Prince Philip has become much more than a prince consort. He is, in fact, a prince consultant.

It is a trying, tiring job.

He also sometimes finds it irksome to move continually in a family circle of femininity. He is devoted to his mother-in-law, the Queen Mother, and his sister-in-law, Princess Margaret, as individuals. But he finds it goes against the grain to be one man surrounded by three women. He likes the company of men, their conversation, their outlook, the lack of effort required in being with them.

This was one reason why he went off on a four-month cruise in 1956. People who talked of a row between the Prince and the Queen, and the foreign newspapers which openly printed this story, were barking up the wrong tree.

"If he doesn't get away, he'll break away," a member of the Royal Household said in private at the time.

The Prince was, in fact, a fugitive from petticoat influence. He returned fit and refreshed.

The Queen's gaiety at some entertainment, or her eager interest at an official function, hide the fact that there is an

undercurrent of sadness in her life these days. It is well known to her close friends and relatives that both she and Prince Philip are deeply distressed by the lack of a third child. The young couple are puzzled and unhappy that there should be no addition to their family. This distress has nothing to do with the provision of an heir to the throne. It is the personal feeling of a husband and a wife.

"I like big families," the Prince said at a small luncheon one day at Buckingham Palace, and his eyes met the Queen's across the table.

"I always longed for a dozen brothers and sisters," she said quietly.

At the Queen's side

One day, perhaps, when Charles III reigns as the first "People's King," the full story of the upheavals at Buckingham Palace and the change in the Queen's outlook will be shown in its right proportions, with the recorded memories of the tussles she had with her own conscience and her more elderly advisers. Like Prince Albert before him, Prince Philip cannot hope to attain due recognition of the rôle he has played until another reign is established.

Just as he sat out of camera range during the Queen's Sandringham broadcast, to encourage her, he is by her side, figuratively if not always physically, at every step in the present metamorphosis of the Throne.

The end of the débutante presentations is an example. As a woman, the Queen probably regrets the cessation of a custom which she knows is something that appeals to the feminine mind.

Prince Philip, impatient with what he thinks are unnecessary formalities, was the instigator of "death to the débutante." His masculine attitude was that the whole thing had become a racket and was a snobbish anachronism.

"But the girls enjoyed it so much," the Queen Mother said wistfully when the news was broken to her.

"So did all the people getting a rake-off on the side," the Prince replied.

Prince Philip might not have got his way if there had not been strong support for him outside the Royal Household. A Royal social event, such as the presentation of débutantes, receives government attention at Cabinet level.

The Conservative Party was anxious to continue its move from Right to Right of Left. The abolition of the presentations was an easy, politically

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Slacks for the Queen, an open-neck shirt for Prince Philip. He deliberately sets out to make Royalty less remote from the people



The trouble

Elaine was the nicest secretary that father had ever had. Even mother said

With parents



Now, the trouble with parents is they're so hard to understand. They sometimes baffle you completely. The way they behave doesn't make sense. For instance, take all the fuss there was about me and Uncle George.

It all started long before that, when my father got a new secretary. He seemed very pleased when he first got her, and so did my mother. She and my father agreed that good secretaries were hard to get these days.

I must say I approved, too, the next time I called at my father's office. The new girl seemed to me to be a great improvement on old Miss Moulby, who'd just retired after being with the firm for hundreds of years. I thought my father had been pretty lucky to get her.

My father thought so, too. He kept talking about her at home, telling my mother how she always put flowers on his desk, and what a nice voice she had on the telephone. Miss Elaine Lawrence her name was. After a while my father started calling her Elaine.

It was just after my father started calling Elaine Elaine that my mother went down to the office one day. She went down to take my father something she thought he'd left behind, but which he didn't really want at the office at all. That was when she first met Elaine.

My mother was different after that. Previously she had just listened when my father talked about Elaine, but now she got snappy with him whenever he mentioned her. So my father stopped talking about Elaine, but that only seemed to make things worse. It was my mother then who didn't seem to be able to stop talking about her, and the things she said were different from the things my father had said. Most of them weren't nice at all.

Then for a while neither my mother nor my father mentioned Elaine. And that didn't help either, for they just

got snappy with each other about other things instead.

I don't mind telling you I got pretty fed up with them both. Their behaviour was so childish.

Anyway, Elaine's name wasn't spoken in our house for quite a long while. Then my father happened to mention her, one evening when we were having supper. I don't think he really meant to, but my mother asked him if he would get some flowers in town for grandmother's grave, if it wasn't too much trouble, and my father said, sort of accidentally: "I'll ask Elaine—"

When my father said that, my mother's chest suddenly seemed to get bigger. It's quite big anyway. She said very snappily: "No, thank you. I'd rather get them myself."

After that, things went from bad to worse. My mother and my father began to have a lot of rows; real rows, which they'd never had before. Whenever my mother mentioned Elaine, she always called her "that brazen creature." She really didn't like Elaine at all.

Then my father began spending a lot of nights away from home. That wasn't anything new—he was always away a lot at that time of the year, doing things called audits for out-of-town firms. The funny part was, though, that my mother got so upset about it. She never had done before. And I should have thought she would have been glad about it, since she didn't seem to like him very much.

LIFE was pretty awful altogether one way and another. It was as bad for me as anyone, especially when the holidays started. I usually had a pretty decent time with my father and mother during the holidays, but I didn't this year. They usually took me out for days here and there, even in the winter, but this time they didn't.

I didn't even get my going-back-to-school treat. Every other hols, before the new term started, my mother and



so—at first. And I still don't see how she caused such a terrible row

by JOHN DAVIES

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

my father had taken me up to London for the day. We were supposed to go up to buy me any new clothes I needed for school, but we always went to the Science Museum or Madame Tussaud's and a theatre or something.

When I mentioned my day in London, my mother said: "Darling, why don't you and your father go, just the two of you? You don't want me."

My father said to my mother: "Don't be silly. You're the one he needs if he's going to buy clothes."

My mother said: "He doesn't need any new clothes this term."

My father said: "Well, anyway, I can't afford to take a day off just now. I'm much too busy at the office."

My mother said: "Oh, I'm quite sure of that."

She sniffed, and I thought she was going to cry in front of us both. So I said: "Forget it. I don't want to go much anyway."

OF course I did want to go really, and I didn't think it was fair. I hoped my mother and my father would realize that it wasn't fair either, when they thought it over.

Nothing of the sort. They just forgot all about it. I always had my London treat on the Friday before the new term started, but they didn't even remember what day it was when it came. My father went off to the office that morning telling my mother that he would be late home that night, and when he had gone my mother said that if he thought she was going to stand for that sort of treatment any longer, he was making a big mistake.

Then she said, could I amuse myself if she went out for the day? She wanted to meet an old school friend she'd had a letter from. The old school friend had just got divorced, and my mother said it was about time she got a few tips about that herself. She said she would leave me some cold meat and salad for lunch. She knew jolly well I don't like salad.

Well, after my mother had gone, I

really was pretty fed up. I wondered what to do, and in the end I decided to go down to the river and do some fishing. I wasn't supposed to go down to the river by myself, but I didn't see why I shouldn't today. My mother and my father obviously didn't care what happened to me.

I MADE some strawberry jam sandwiches—I didn't want her salad or her old cold meat—and got my fishing tackle and went off on my bike. Before I left I wrote a note which said "Gone fishing," and left it on the hall table. I wasn't going to get home until about midnight, just to show them I could have a jolly good day out without them, but I didn't want them to worry and think I had run away to sea or something, even though it would have served them right.

Well, I rode down to the river. I did some fishing and ate my sandwiches, and it was still only eleven o'clock. It seemed a long time until midnight, and I didn't know what to do next. There was no one else down at the river, and it's really a bit boring fishing by yourself.

Then I thought of going for a good long ride on my bike, and it was while I was thinking about that that I had a brainwave and decided to ride over and see Uncle George. I don't know why I thought of him, except that I'd been thinking about running away to sea, and Uncle George lives by the sea, over at Salthaven.

I started off. It was about twenty miles to Salthaven. The road was very hilly, too, and I got pretty tired. But I'd made up my mind I was going to get there somehow. I wanted to be able to tell my mother and father that I had been to see Uncle George, because I knew it would annoy them. They liked Uncle George all right—"you can't help liking him" is what they used to say. But they said he wasn't respectable.

I got to Salthaven at last and free-wheeled down the hill to the harbour. By this time I was looking forward to

seeing Uncle George very much indeed. I'd always thought he was jolly good fun. He's my father's brother, of course, but he isn't anything like my father. He doesn't do anything dull, like audits. He paints pictures for magazines. He lives in a studio made out of an old fisherman's net-loft, down on the quay, and in those days he always used to seem to have a lot of different wives. He also had a boat in the harbour.

Well, I got down to the quay and leaned my bike against the wall of Uncle George's place. I was pretty untidy, and I thought I'd better put my cap on, because my mother says it is only polite to look tidy when you call on people.

The only trouble was, I didn't seem to have got my cap. I thought I'd put it in my saddlebag, but when I looked for it, it wasn't there. I couldn't do my saddlebag up because the straps were broken, and I supposed it must have fallen out somewhere along the road.

I didn't mind losing it. I was really a bit glad. The cap was pretty old and shabby. And if I had to go back to school without one at all, it would be my mother's and father's fault, because they wouldn't take me up to London to buy my new clothes.

So I just combed my hair with my fingers, then went up the long flight of wooden stairs and knocked at Uncle George's door. I hoped he wasn't out, after I had come all that way. Then the door opened, and there he was, in a white shirt and a pair of old khaki trousers all covered in paint. He was holding half a dozen paint brushes in his hand.

He looked pretty surprised to see me. He said: "Hallo, Billy! What are you doing over here? I haven't seen you for months."

I said: "I thought I'd just come over and see you. I rode over on my bike."

Uncle George said: "The devil you

did!" He held the door open wider. "Come on in. You must be fagged out."

I went in. I said I was a bit tired, and wouldn't mind a wash. I had a wash, and when I went into the studio again, Uncle George was painting a picture of a man kissing a woman. It seemed to be about the only kind of picture he ever painted. He asked me what I thought of it, and I said I thought it was really pretty soppy. Uncle George didn't mind you saying things like that. He laughed and said he thought it was soppy, too, but he'd got to eat. Then he said that, talking of eating, I must be hungry.

I said: "I am, a bit."

Uncle George said: "So am I, by God. I haven't eaten today yet." He frowned, and I knew that it had something to do with there not being any of his wives around. Then he chucked his paint brushes into a pot of dirty water and said: "Okay. I'll just change my pants, then we'll go out and get a bite."

He changed his trousers for ones with a bit less paint on, and then we went out to the Harbour Café. It was just about tea time, and we both had the High Tea Special which was ham and eggs and chips.

Of course Uncle George wanted to know whether my father and my mother knew I'd come all that way by myself. I told him they didn't, and then I told him all about everything. He was very easy to tell things to, and I told him all about how things were at home, about Elaine and how my mother and my father kept having all those rows, and what a rotten time I'd had those hols.

Uncle George looked very serious then. He stuck his fork in his last bit of ham, but forgot to eat it.

"You may not know it, Billy," he said, "but I might have married your mother, if your father hadn't beat me to it."

I said: "Oh." I tried to think what

Gilbert Harding says...



Even I can't out-talk a budgie

A FEW years ago, when I was faced with a long period of illness and inactivity, the Zoological Society kindly sent me a pair of budgerigars.

I called them Elmer and Eva. Eva was beastly to Elmer and I learned what it means to be "henpecked."

I thought that her asperity might be softened by the demands of maternity, so I bought a big breeding cage. No good; Eva broke all her eggs.

Then, one morning, I found that she had just tucked up her toes and died; it was not murder by her long-suffering husband. She lay on her back in the sand, unlamented by me. Elmer wouldn't talk.

Having had so much pleasure from these budgerigars—watching them respond to my rather stupid advances, feeling them hold so trustingly on to my finger with their tiny claws—I can quite believe what Joseph Kuttner, assistant show manager of this week's great exhibition of cage birds at Olympia, tells me.

These gay, colourful, cheerful and chatty little creatures are now in millions of homes, one in every four in the land. Britain is teeming with budgerigars. Sir Winston Churchill cannot travel without one; we all know Sir Malcolm Sargent's budgie died because it drank too much sherry.

In fact, more birds are kept in this country than dogs or cats; there are ten million of them. Perhaps it is because they are the ideal pet for busy people.

I cannot, however, agree with Mr. Kuttner when he tells me that a great part of the budgerigar's charm lies in the ability of these little birds to "talk."

I no more want a bird to talk than I want my new pug, Susie, to wear a ruff and jump through a hoop. I don't like making a Charlie of any animal.

'She's a smasher'

Mr. Kuttner tells me that there will be birds at the show which say such things as: "She's a smasher." "All the world's a stage." "Any luck on the pools this week, Dad?" "What's on the telly? That's no good, switch it off."

Last year there was a cobalt budgie which spoke sentences in French and Swahili and remarked from time to time: "Honi soit qui mal y pense." Most of them can wolf-whistle.

Mind you, clever talking birds can sometimes present problems. Archbishop Godfrey, I believe, has a bird that says: "Good morning, Your Grace." Now that his owner has been made a cardinal the bird is quickly being taught to say: "Good morning, Your Eminence."

Perhaps it is best that a bird should

say little or nothing. Certainly it is in my home; we can't have two of us talking so much.

I talked to Mr. Kuttner about cages. I have a loathing, amounting to mania, for small cages.

When I was a schoolboy I used to let caged British birds go free without asking leave of their owners. People complained to my grandfather about it, but I was quite unrepentant.

Mr. Kuttner pointed out that things have happily changed since then. In 1954 the Protection of Birds Act was passed, making it a punishable offence for anybody to keep a bird in a cage or container within which it cannot stretch its wings.

That's splendid—as far as it goes. But it doesn't go far enough for my liking. Too many birds are still kept in cages which are too small.

How big a cage?

I asked Mr. Kuttner what he thought about cages. "The larger the better," he said, "but length and breadth are more important than height, as the bird will get more exercise from flying to and fro than up and down."

So now you know.

When my Elmer became a widower, to console him I took him down to Brighton and bought him a little ladder, a mirror (he adored himself, did Elmer) and a tinkling bell. I was very concerned about him; concerned, too, to hear from Mr. Kuttner that half of Britain's budgies are "only" birds.

Are they lonely birds?

Mr. Kuttner is a politer man than I am. He did not tell me, as he should have done, to stop being a bird-brained ass. Of course they're not lonely.

We are so prone to attribute human feelings to our pets; they are members of the family and they greet us with remarks like: "How are you?" I might go mad shut in a cage, looking at myself all day in a shaving mirror. But they're fine; the solitary bird can thrive.

I was glad and relieved to hear it.

I'll let Mrs. A. E. Porton's famous budgie, Wilfred the Great, have the last word. Says he, again and again: "Now listen, hark, hark, can you hear those pretty birds?"

That is not as fine as Keats's glorious line about birds "singing of summer in full-throated ease," but it does, suddenly, in grey January, make me want to go to Olympia to see all the bright, cheerful budgerigars and such exotic birds as the Red Avadavats, Scarlet-backed Flower Peckers, the Nutmeg Nuns, White-bearded Honey Eaters, the Pekin Robins, the Bulbuls, the Common Combassou and the Superb Tanagers.

What noble names! But, for the home, give me the Elmers, the cheerful, cheeky (not, please, too chatty) budgerigar.

THE END

The trouble with parents

continued from previous page

it would be like to have Uncle George for a father.

"It might have solved a lot of problems for me," Uncle George said. "But it probably wouldn't have been much of a bargain for her." It seemed as though he was talking to himself, and then suddenly remembered I was there. He grinned at me and ate the piece of ham. "I'm quite sure she got the better man. Old Dick's all right."

Old Dick, of course, was my father. Uncle George looked serious again. He said: "I shouldn't like to see anything happen to them. . . . Now, young 'un, what about something else to eat?"

HE ordered me an ice-cream, but didn't have anything himself. When I'd finished, he paid the bill and we went out. I was wishing I hadn't told him about my father and my mother. He wasn't being nearly so much fun as he usually was.

"Well—what now?" he said. I said: "Could we go out in the boat?"

"The boat?" He seemed to be a bit vague, as though he was thinking about something else. He said: "I don't know—what are you going to do about getting back?"

I said: "I don't want to get back yet. I want to stay out until midnight."

"But your mother and father would be worried stiff!"

"Serve them right. It's about time they worried about me for a change."

"You can't ride all that way back again," Uncle George said, "you'd never get there." Then he all at once seemed to wake up. "Worry about you?" he said, and he gave me a queer look. "Maybe you've got something there."

I said: "I don't suppose they'd really worry if I never went back at all."

"Don't be silly," Uncle George said. He put a hand on my arm and stopped me as we were walking along. "Tell you what, Billy—why don't you stay the night with me? We can go out in the boat tomorrow, and then I'll put your bike on the car and run you home."

I said: "That would be smashing, Uncle George. But they *might* worry if I was away as long as that. They might think I'd run away to sea or something."

Uncle George said: "That's all right. I can phone them tonight and tell them."

So I stayed the night at Uncle George's, and next day we went out in his boat. We were out nearly all day. In the evening he put my bike on the back of his ratty old prewar tourer and drove me home.

And what a fuss there was when we got there! When the tourer stopped outside our house and my mother looked out of the lounge window to see what was making all the noise, she gave a terrific shriek. Then she came rushing out of the house, looking all white and funny. She grabbed hold of me and hugged me just as I was getting out of the car.

"Darling—my darling boy!" she said. "Oh, my darling, what happened to you? Where have you been?"

She was hugging me and kissing me. I said: "Mother, please control yourself." I felt jolly silly with her carrying on like that.

My mother took a deep breath and let me go. She turned to Uncle George. "Oh, it's been terrible—terrible!" she said. She was still very funny-looking, and her voice was all funny too. "He left a note to say he'd gone fishing, and they found his cap down there on the bank. Dick's down at the police station now. If they didn't find him tonight, they were going to drag the river tomorrow." She took another deep breath. It was more like a gasp. "I must tell Dick at once

—I must tell him our darling's come home!"

She turned and ran back into the house. Uncle George and I looked at each other, and followed her. My mother was talking to my father on the phone.

"It's all right, Dick!" she was saying. "It's all right! He's home!"

She hung up the phone and burst out crying. It was awful and I wished she'd stop. But she didn't, even though Uncle George put his arm round her and said: "There, there—it's all right now." She was still crying when a smashing police car came rushing up to the house.

My father was in it. He got out, and he was all white-looking too, but in a different way from my mother. As soon as he saw me, he grabbed my arm and shook me. He said: "You little devil—where have you been?"

I said: "I've only been with Uncle George. He asked me to stop the night with him."

My mother had stopped crying by then, but Uncle George still had his arm round her and was saying: "There, there." But when I said that, she pushed herself away from him and stared at him. My father forgot all about me and stared at him too.

I said: "I don't know what all the fuss is about. After all, Uncle George phoned you and told you where I was."

There was a funny sort of silence. My mother and my father were still staring at Uncle George.

Uncle George said: "He's quite right. I did tell him I'd phone. It must have slipped my mind."

Now, it's funny how things happen. From then on everything seemed to be quite different in our family. My father and my mother were much nicer to each other, and very much nicer to me. They were in fact just like they had been before there was all that fuss.

They were nicer to everybody. My mother even invited Elaine out to supper one night. She seemed to like Elaine now, and Elaine liked my mother, too. They got on so well together and talked so much about the sort of things women talk about that my father got fed up and went down to the club.

They were even nicer to George, though not just at first. At first they were terribly cross with him. Then they began to laugh about it a bit, and said it was just George, and how irresponsible he always was.

My mother and father were really nicest of all to George. They seemed to have forgotten all about his not being respectable. They didn't seem to mind me going over to see him, and when Christmas came they invited him to stay with us. And they invited Elaine, too. . . .

Now my father is looking for another secretary, because Elaine is going to marry Uncle George. I quite approve of that because I like them both. I'm sure Elaine will be the best wife Uncle George has ever had.

When I told my father and my mother that they got quite cross with me again for a minute and my mother said I was talking nonsense, because Uncle George had never been married before. And when I said what about all his other wives, my father said that I was only a kid and wouldn't understand.

I must say there are a lot of things I don't understand. I don't understand why my mother got so friendly with Elaine after not liking her at all, or why both my mother and my father were so nice to Uncle George when he really hadn't done anything except cause them a lot of worry over me.

But, then, the trouble with parents is you simply can't understand them half the time. They behave in such a peculiar way.

THE END

© John Davies, 1959

In the country of the blind I learned to see again

by NORMAN TREMEARNE



Joyce Tremearne gives an Aborigine boy a pill to save him from blindness. She and her husband (above right) spent two years in the outback before his sight failed



Within ten years I was bound to lose my sight. So I joined a strange people doomed to live in the dark—and found the secret of happiness without eyes

FIVE years ago I noticed that my right eye was failing. At the time I was working as town clerk of Northam, in Western Australia, and was busy with the arrangements for a visit by the Queen.

I drove into Perth to have my eyes examined by one of Australia's leading ophthalmists. When she had finished, I asked for the verdict.

"It's bad," she said. "You have diabetic retinitis."

I had been a diabetic for years, kept alive by daily injections of insulin, but I had been unaware of this new complication. "What exactly does it mean?" I asked.

"It means that you will have to resign yourself to going blind."

I began trying to assimilate the significance of this. The ophthalmist went on to tell me gently that I had anything from six months to ten years of sight left to me.

My first thought was that I should have to resign my appointment at Northam. I wondered how the change would affect my wife Joyce, a qualified

nursing sister who was absorbed in her infant welfare work.

"What are you going to do?" the ophthalmist was asking.

"I don't know. I have always wanted to go touring in the outback. Perhaps I shall do it now, while there is time."

The ophthalmist had herself just returned from a visit to the bush, where she had been making a study of trachoma, an eye disease which was rampant among the Aborigines.

"The Public Health Department want to send a team out to provide treatment," she said. "With your wife's experience of nursing, the two of you could do the job admirably. . . ."

'Land of Sore Eyes'

We set out a few months later in a truck, Joyce and I, towing our home-made caravan, which I had specially built for the rough and hot conditions we should face. Our task was to travel through the outback of north-west Australia, visiting the small and occasional townships, schools, missions and cattle and sheep stations, looking for

signs of the disease and organizing simple treatment.

The area assigned to us was nearly twice the size of France, sparsely vegetated and largely deserted. Early pioneers had christened it "The Land of Sand, Sin and Sore Eyes."

The future ahead of me seemed as barren as the land we were now entering, and I tried not to think of it. I told myself that blindness in the prime of life just could not happen to me—or that, anyway, I might die first.

In two years we travelled 30,000 miles through the bush. Long before the end of that time we had grown very fond of the Aborigines. Although they live always under the shadow of probable blindness in later life, they are a care-free and childlike people. Fun is ever ready to bubble out of them at the slightest cause. I never met an Aborigine who worried.

As my own eyesight deteriorated and I saw my personal calamity draw closer, my interest in the way of life of these people quickened, for I realized that they also had been living close to personal calamity for thousands of

years, and had long ago learned to come to terms with it.

Trachoma is a virus disease, the largest single cause of blindness in the world today. It is found particularly in hot countries where people live in unhygienic conditions. Normally it is contracted by children, but it develops slowly and as a rule does not bring blindness until later life.

Happy to be alive

Nearly half the Aborigine population in the area suffered from it. It was sad to see so many of their older people completely blind, sitting quietly on the dusty ground, or perhaps in the shade of a tree during the heat of the day.

Someone of about the same age would be sitting nearby in companionship, exchanging only an infrequent word or two. They bore their blindness without bitterness. It was life.

I soon discovered that, whereas I longed to blot out the thought of future blindness, the Aborigines lived easily and joyously in the present.

They were natural hunters and never

In

Short

Paper Clip

Pick up a paper clip—
you'll find
A second paper clip
entwined.
The way they cling to
one another,
You'd think they were
a child and mother.
Or strolling lovers, arm
in arm,
Or clutching cowards,
fearing harm.
Although a clip may
cut a caper
And fail to clip a piece
of paper,
One thing it holds with
faithful grip
And that's another
paper clip.

RICHARD ARMOUR

Plaint

When I was but a youngster,
(To be seen, but never heard),
The adults always had the best
(And breast), of every bird;
And we, the well-trained children,
With drumsticks on our plate,
Would only speak when giving thanks
For what we drank and ate.

Now times have changed—the young ones
Get all the choicest things:
They have the tastiest titbits,
The wishbones and the wings:
While grown-ups, picking drumsticks,
Just nod, or smile, or frown.
They do not speak—the children
Would only talk them down.

When was this great transition stage?
Why was I never at the age
When I could talk—and eat the best,
The wings, the wishbone, and the breast?

GERTRUDE MONRO HIGGS

Things We Wish We'd Never Started

Dear Fellow Member,

What a pity you were unable to come along last Saturday to see the film *Brass Rubbings From Bedfordshire Churches* by our genial secretary, Jim Bailey. This film was made in peculiar difficulties and at some risk (at one time Jim was inadvertently locked in a very musty crypt for five hours), but any obscurity was more than compensated for by our lecturer's infectious enthusiasm.

Expressing a vote of thanks, Dr. Magsby, in jesting mood, said he would rather see his National Health patients making rubbings of his nameplate than kicking the stuffing out of his chairs.

Unfortunately, only five members were able to turn out, two of whom were needed to assist with the projector, which has developed a slight wobble (is there a mechanic in the club?). Then, alas, Joe Elder had to rush away before the end on urgent business, leaving only Dr. Magsby and yours truly as audience. As a result, Mrs. Bailey was left with two dozen of her splendid Welsh cakes on her hands, and she has asked me to give all you absentees a proper wiggling. As your publicity officer, I well understand how many rival attractions there are, and I know that many of you have colds, but I do feel that some of those who joined with such alacrity a year ago are leaving too much to the office-bearers.

Let us have a big turn-out next Saturday, when popular Jim Bailey has promised to take us on an Archaeological Walk, tracing out the course of the old Roman sewer, of which unfortunately no vestige now remains. . . .

E. S. TURNER

Point Of View

HIS

"I've always liked you
in that little frock."

"I put that shelf up,
Dear, while you were
out."

"Never mind, Dear,
I've got to put them on
again in the morning."

"Yes, she had a hat on.
Yes, she was wearing a
skirt. I think."

"I think it would be a
good idea if we moved
the red carpet into the
small bedroom."

"There must be a hole
in my pocket."

"Ooolalah!"

HERS

*Brand new tweed suit
worn for the first time.*

*Hm! Eight foot three
above floor level.*

*He undresses by rip-
cord.*

*I particularly wanted
to know what Mary
Onslow was wearing at
the wedding.*

*I've been suggesting
this at intervals since
last March.*

*Inane remark after
scattering small change
over the restaurant
floor. Mr. and Mrs.
Hardacre saw it all.*

*Disgusting reply to say-
ing that I have nothing
whatever to put on.*

E. CARRAN



In the country of the blind I learned to see again

continued from previous page

practised agriculture. They demanded an immediate harvest. When they killed game, they would eat their fill and pass on without a thought for the next day's hunger. On sheep and cattle stations, where they lived in camps, working as stockmen and labourers, the influence of white men touched them only on the surface.

At one station the manager's wife had issued new blankets to them all as winter approached. She told me in some exasperation: "When spring came, they threw them away. They don't seem to realize that there will be another winter."

In the philosophy of the Aborigines, accumulated possessions have no significance. A man's position in his community is governed by his ability, character, age and knowledge of his tribal laws and customs.

They are a primitive people, and their way of life is not a new concept, but they live a non-materialistic life which accords with the principles of our own Christian religion.

The happy gamblers

In one camp I watched a large group of Aborigines gambling in the shade of a eucalyptus tree. They gambled all day, while their possessions passed to and fro. Finally they shared out the winnings equally and went happily away.

At another station one of the young Aborigines asked the manager to save his pay until there was enough to buy a gramophone. In due course the gramophone arrived. The owner proudly took it back to the camp and shared it with his companions. It was played night and day. Within a week, the mechanism was worn out, the spring broken and the gramophone discarded. The owner quickly forgot the episode.

But to me it was significant. I hoped I should be able to accept the running down of my own sight with a fraction of the same forbearance and, in the end, to discard it without an overpowering sense of loss.

I was realizing that, as a blind person, possessions could add little to my happiness. I would need the essentials of life, but, beyond that, material possessions would be of little use, compared with the intangible values of friendship, religious faith, contentment, mental activity and, as far as possible, uninhibited emotional expression.

Ignored our warning

The treatment we could offer them was basically a fortnight's course of sulphonamide tablets. Usually this had the desired effect, unless the disease was already too advanced. Most of the patients took the tablets with good-natured tolerance, as if to please us.

A few would hide their tablets, others pretended to swallow, then spat them out as soon as they thought we were out of sight. Sometimes we pointed to the blind members of the community as a warning, but the younger ones were not interested. Age and infirmity were too remote for them.

Their attitude to adversity—which I tried hard to emulate—was to forget it as quickly as possible, if not to ignore it. Once, on a return visit to a station, there was an absentee from the roll-call, an Aborigine named Daylight.

"Where's Daylight?" we shouted. There was an embarrassed silence. As we were leaving one of the Aborigines called to us and carefully explained what had happened to Daylight. An old man with the same name had died. The custom decrees that the dead shall be saluted with one great outburst of grief and then never mentioned again. Accordingly, Daylight had changed his name to Benny.

In many ways I was beginning to see in a more real sense than before. The delight which the Aborigines took

in observing everything around them taught me to see things closely and in detail.

I crouched against the ground to watch an ant with food in its jaws swiftly skimming back to its nest over the hard red soil. Hungrily I tried to store up in my mind the vivid colour pictures of the sun-drenched Australian bush and the dome of stars in the sub-tropical night.

I was taking my last fill of nature, as it were. But there was still my inner rebellion against the fact that, at forty-one years of age, I imagined that my powers would be reduced to those of an old man when my sight went.

A year passed. Then one day I poured out a cup of tea and found that I was pouring into the saucer.

Then what I had been dreading for so long crept up on me, almost unobtrusively. I awoke one morning to find a light mist before my eyes. There was nothing dramatic about it and at first I merely attempted to brush it away.

That morning we were headed south, and were only two hundred miles from Perth. We had stopped to write up our reports when I realized that the words I was typing were too blurred for me to read. Even then the full force of what had happened did not strike me.

I thought that a change of insulin had affected my eyes. But when, after the second day, this irritating mist still persisted, I realized that the end of my travels had arrived.

I had been told that medical science could do nothing to restore my sight, but I could not accept this until I had returned to London, where I was born, and sought the advice of eye specialists there. Within ten days I was on a ship.

Friends in the sun

During the five weeks' voyage to England I had time to reconcile my spirit to giving up so many of the pleasures I had recently enjoyed. Naturally, I spent a lot of time thinking of the blind Aborigine friends I had left behind, sitting quietly in the sun.

They had nothing to look forward to, while I knew that I would have the advantage of the wonderful aids for the blind which modern civilization provides—the radio, the tape recorder, the typewriter and, above all, the Nuffield Talking Book Library.

I have been back in England for two years now and am close to complete blindness.

My journey into darkness has not been easy, but, in a way, I feel that I can understand the Aborigines even better now than before.

I remember noting how undemonstrative they were when given anything. Nothing seemed to have much intrinsic value for them. They might want some tobacco, ask for it, and accept the gift as a right without thanks.

Life's give and take

This attitude, which was so different from a white man's, never failed to outrage his sacred sense of property and values. But to me it seems to demonstrate in a perfectly practical manner our Christian dictum that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

I have constantly to remind myself of this, for a blind person is much more at the receiving end than the giving. He has to learn to receive graciously, if he can, and not let his overstrained sense of obligation develop into resentment.

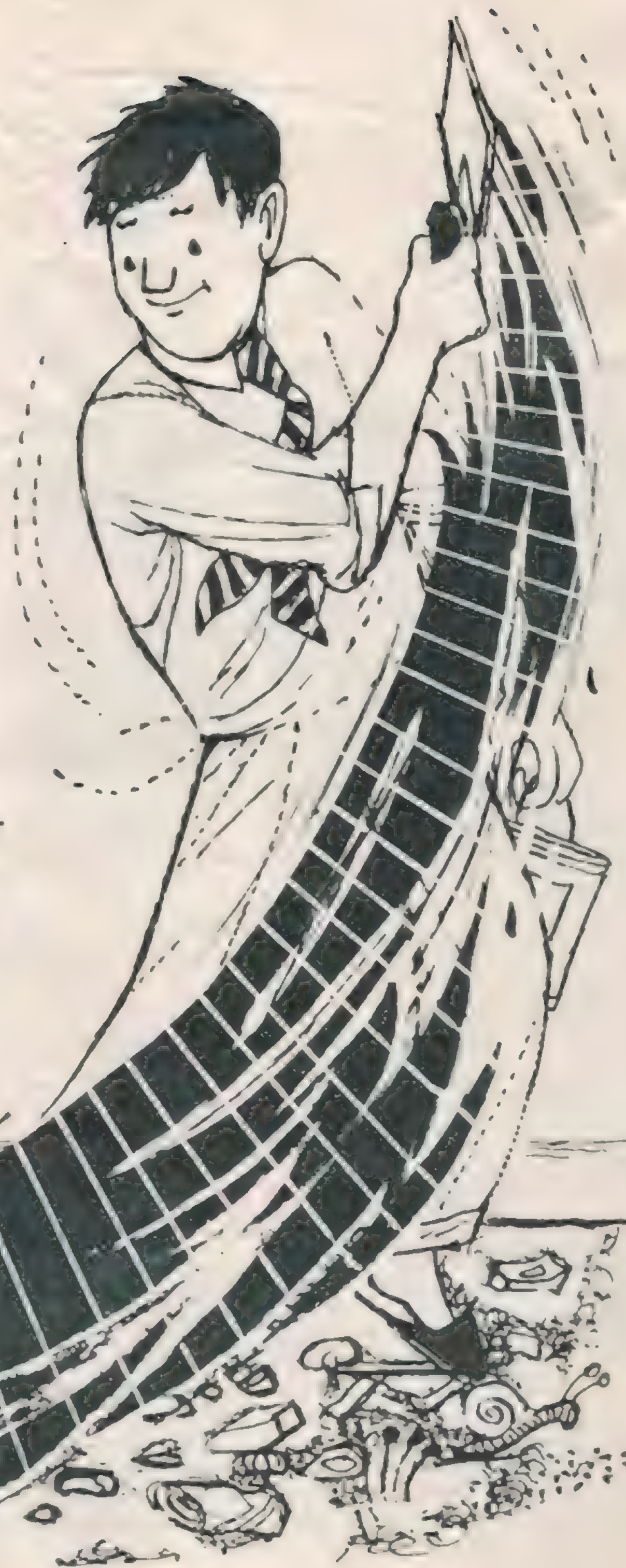
I have had to re-examine my pride, some of which had been long centred on a vaunted self-reliance. I have had to learn to accept the loan of other people's eyes in the good spirit in which they are always offered.

I can still live a full and vigorous life. But I shall never cease to be grateful that the last years of my sighted life proved so rich in experience. THE END

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME



DOWN TO EARTH



Make your floors a credit to your home,
not a housewife's bane, says **ROGER SMITHELLS**

TOO many housewives are slaves to their floors. They scrub and mop and polish, wasting precious energy for precious little result. This seems to me a mad kind of martyrdom. Floors of gaping, fluff-gathering boards, dusty concrete, uneven brick or flagstone are tyrants. They look dowdy whatever you do to them. And they make everything else in a room look dowdy, too.

I know from the many letters which readers write to me that the problem of giving a new surface to old floors is shared by thousands of homemakers. There are so many new types of flooring available today that it is often difficult to know which to choose. So this week I am going to make a quick survey of these flooring materials with a brief guide to the point and purpose of each. Most of these coverings you can lay yourself, at moderate cost, on any surface which is reasonably smooth, dry and free from grit. The character of this surface may affect your choice of covering.

Damp is the enemy of most floor

coverings and none of these floors can be laid satisfactorily on a damp sub-floor. But I know that damp floors are a very common problem so I have dealt separately with this subject on the next page.

One important point: when you lay a wall-to-wall covering on a wooden floor, at ground level, which has previously been ventilated through cracks in the boards, check that there is a clear air-brick in the wall to carry air under the floor. Otherwise you may encourage rot.

All the floorings mentioned in this article should be stuck down with the special adhesive made for each type. Manufacturers and approximate prices are given at the end of the article.

What to choose

This is a plastic age, so we start with plastic floorings. These are known by tongue-twisting names abbreviated to mysterious initials which I still find tiresome and confusing.

PLASTIC. This is a general name for a variety of semi-flexible floor coverings available in tile or sheet form. They are hardwearing and resistant to

grease, heat and staining. They are therefore specially suitable for kitchens and bathrooms. Rather cold-feeling, plastic is not as comforting as linoleum in living-rooms and bedrooms.

Plastic floors can be laid straight on to any ordinary wooden floor, or any sub-floor that is level, dry and free from loose grit. Tiles are usually made in 9- or 12-in. sizes. The material in sheet form is sold by the yard, 36 inches or 48 inches wide.

There is a wide range of plain or mottled colours, and by using tiles of two or more different colours, you can make your own distinctive patterns.

There are three main varieties of this type of flooring. First, the more or less rigid thermoplastic tile, which should be laid professionally on dry, solid, level concrete.

Second, the semi-flexible polyvinyl chloride (P.V.C. to you) floorings which can be laid on wood or smooth concrete. These are simple for the handyman to lay himself.

Third, the completely flexible do-it-yourself resilient vinyl sheetings with felt backing (Vynoleum and Hardura are two) or hessian backing (Textured)

and are easy to lay. They can be cut to fit with scissors, and either stuck down or laid loose on the floor. Unlike the other varieties of plastic floor, these are warm to the feel. Because of their resilience they have a non-slip surface.

They are excellent for covering cold stone or tile floors and will adapt themselves to slight unevenness.

Being flexible, they make good, tough and inexpensive stair coverings. This is the type of covering I am going to lay in the basement kitchen of my own house, which still has its original two-hundred-year-old stone floor, now rather the worse for wear. I shall be giving a step-by-step report on this job in a later issue.

LINOLEUM. Available in sheet or tile form. If you tackle the laying yourself, you will find that tiles are the easiest to handle and fit. Handling large sheets of linoleum can be an exhausting job and laying needs care and patience since wearing qualities depend on skilful laying. Linoleum comes in different thicknesses, ranging from 1.60 mm. to 6.70 mm., and in a wide range of patterns and inlays. The thicker, more expensive linoleum is the



Our own hall floor is a chequerboard of black and white rubber tiles in twelve-inch squares. At first we found the white tiles showed marks so easily that we developed the habit of walking on the black squares only, like well-trained draughtsmen. We cured this trouble with a protective coating of Ronuk Emulsion. Sweeping and occasional damp mopping now keep the floor—even the white squares—in respectable condition. Centre of interest in this picture is Tigger, good-neighbour cat of friendliness and distinguished manners, but camera-shy

most difficult to lay and the most likely to crack and wear unevenly if badly laid. If you want a patterned surface, buy inlaid rather than printed linoleum. The printed surface may wear off.

Most of the do-it-yourself linoleum tiles are 9 inches square and 2.5 mm. thick. Some are felt-backed. It is most important that the sub-floor is absolutely free from bumps if you are to get long wear from the linoleum. If you intend laying your linoleum on a concrete or composition sub-floor, it is best first to stick down a waterproof

felt paper underlay and then stick the linoleum down to the underlay. On wooden floors, you should use an underlay of dry felt paper. If the boards are badly warped or uneven lay hardboard, rough side up, instead of felt paper. Stick this to the floor, then stick the linoleum to the underlay. If linoleum is stuck down, it will not stretch, nor can water or dirt seep under it. Good quality linoleum is exceptionally hard-wearing and keeps its good looks for a long time. It is warmer and more resilient in use than thermoplastic

flooring, and is the only floor covering suitable for use in every room in the house.

RUBBER. Rubber flooring, like linoleum, comes in sheet or tile form. Sheet is usually 36 in. wide and tiles are 9, 12, 18 or 24 in. square. It is very hard-wearing and soft to the tread, and a good sound and warmth insulator—a great asset in children's rooms. Small areas you can lay yourself, but large surfaces are better done professionally. Rubber is often used for bathroom floors, but it does tend to be slippery when wet. It can be seriously damaged by grease, and because of this and its slippery tendencies should never be used in kitchens.

CORK. Cork is warm and resilient to walk on, and warm-looking, too. It is a good insulator of sound and heat. Tiles made by Armstrong Cork Co. are available 12 in. square, tongued and grooved or butt-jointed.

CERAMIC TILES. These are easy to clean and hard-wearing, and can be laid on both concrete and wood sub-floors.

Ceramic mosaic tiles make a very attractive floor and are available in a range of colours which can be used in random mixtures, plain colours, and geometric and figured designs.

This mosaic is supplied in sheet form, each paper sheet containing 648 pieces. The pieces are fixed to the paper face downwards with a gum soluble in water. The sub-floor should be covered with a reinforced cement screed and the mosaic embedded in Fastofix cement on this base. When the mosaic has been placed in position, moisten and peel off the backing paper, before the mortar has hardened, in case any of the pieces need adjusting.

PARQUET. There is a variety of parquet floorings on the market which you can lay yourself. Manufacturers supply detailed instructions for working out traditional parquet patterns. Some are sold in ready-made panels, which you lay as if they were tiles, to make up a pre-formed pattern. A good variety for the home handyman is the Solarbo parquet, which is made up of two layers of hardwood with a springy middle layer of balsa wood, which compensates for any slight irregularities in the sub-floor. Look for a good hardwood and be prepared to spend a lot of time and patience over the job. Special quick-drying adhesives are supplied to stick down these floors. You can lay them on wood or concrete sub-floors, and it is absolutely essential to level the surface before you start work.

What to do about old floors

A floorcovering is as good as the sub-floor allows it to be, so it pays to spend money and time making sure that your sub-floor is even, dry and free from grit before putting down a new covering.

CONCRETE OR COMPOSITION FLOORS. You can lay most of the floorings I have described over a dry, level and grit-free concrete or composition floor. If there is dust on the

surface, you must apply a floor seal before you start work.

If the floor is damp-proof but uneven, you will need to spread a latex underlay such as Armstrong's Floor Fill. This is spread quite thinly, and fills up cracks and crevices.

If you do not want to go to the expense of levelling and covering with a new flooring, concrete floors can still be made easier to deal with by using a floor seal such as Bourneseal, which has the effect of forming a thin barrier to keep the dust down. You can then use self-polishing wax to build up a decent surface. Alternatively, you can use a plastic flooring compound, such as Redimix, which you lay with a trowel. This needs a day to set.

FLAGSTONE OR BRICK FLOORS. The best thing to do with old, defective stone or brick floors is to have them taken up and a new concrete sub-floor laid. However, it is sometimes possible to have the existing floor covered with a latex underlay. This takes some time to dry out before you can put on any covering.

You can use a plastic or rubber based floor paint such as Liquid Lino, which improves appearance and helps cleaning. It wears reasonably well and bare patches are easily renewed. A floor seal will keep down dust and help cleaning. This is brushed on to the floor, which must be clean and dry.

QUARRY TILES. Much the same problems and solutions apply here as to flagstones and brick floors. Quite often the only really satisfactory solution is to strip back to the concrete base.

WOODEN FLOORS. Preparing wooden floors for covering does not present nearly so many problems. If they are even and clean, you can stick or lay your new covering down on the boards with a felt paper underlay.

The floor must be level, otherwise you get uneven wear, so you may have to plane the boards to remove ridges and undulations and should replace any broken boards. Take up protruding tacks or nails, or punch them well below the surface.

If the wood floor is in thoroughly bad condition, you should put down an underlay of hardboard, laid rough side upwards to give a key for the adhesive.

Costs

Here are the approximate prices, per square yard, of the types of flooring mentioned in this article. These prices are, in each case, at the cheaper end of the price range. For some floorings the price range is very wide.

Plastic: Thermoplastic 25s. (laid), P.V.C. (Vinyl asbestos) 17s. 6d., Vinyl 29s., Vinyl surfaced 10s. 6d. **Inlaid Linoleum:** Tiles 12s. 3d., Sheet from 11s. **Rubber:** Tiles or Sheet 27s. 6d. **Cork:** Tiles from 19s. 9d. **Parquet:** Blocks 22s. 6d., Panels 37s. **Ceramic Tiles:** Tiles 54s., Mosaic 57s.

Information

Further information on the products mentioned above can be obtained from: Armstrong Cork Co., Ltd., Bush House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2 (Armstrong's Floor Fill, Accoflex (Vinyl asbestos), Accobite (thermoplastic), cork tiles and linoleum). Marley Tile Co., Ltd., Riverhead, Sevenoaks, Kent (Marleytile, Marleyflex, Marley Floor). Adamite Co., Ltd., 94 Petty France, London, S.W.1 (Vynoleum). Hardura, Ltd., St. Lawrence Mill, Great Harwood, Lancashire (Hardura). Arlington Plastics Developments, Ltd., Harlow, Essex (Texturised). Semtex, Ltd., Semtex House, London, N.W.9 (Rubber and thermoplastic tiles). Beam Construction Co., Ltd., 8-10 Denman Street, London, W.1 (Beamwood parquet panels). R. E. Ingham & Co., Ltd., Burton Leonard, Harrogate, Yorkshire (Point One parquet panels). Insularbo, Ltd., Commerce Way, Lancing, Sussex (Solarbo parquet strips). Dennis M. Williams, Ltd., 43 Thames Street, Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey (Mosaic). Silixine Paints, Ltd., 142 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1 (Bourneseal). Laymatt Flooring Co., Ltd., 38/40 Seabourne Road, Bournemouth (Redimix). Colthurst and Harding, Ltd., Bristol, 4 (Liquid Lino).

IF YOUR FLOOR IS DAMP



Damp floors can be a very real trouble if you live in an old house. I think I have had more letters about this problem than any other—from people who have spread roofing felt, building paper, even old mackintoshes, all to no effect.

The only real solution to this trouble is the professional one. Any damp-proof layer of material, either laid or painted on to the top of the floor, will sweat on the surface where there is any pressure on it, rotting any linoleum or carpet which you put on the floor unless you cover it with a layer of cement or composition. What you should do is to take up any bricks, flags or quarry tiles and spread the surface underneath with two coats of bituminous emulsion, such as Synthaprufe. Then cover this with a cement screed (three parts sand, one part cement) and level it with a wooden float. The screed should be at least 1½ in. thick. When this is dry you will have a damp-proof floor surface on which you can safely lay any covering you want.

You may feel that you would not make a success of taking up tiles and laying cement. In this case I would spread two coats of Redifo damp-proofer over the floor as it is. Then cover it with a layer of Redimix plastic flooring which you lay with a trowel. You can then leave this surface or cover it, as you wish. This treatment will slightly raise the level of the floor.

A very damp floor—one on which heavy objects leave damp patches when you move them—is best simply painted with a rubberized floor paint such as Liquid Lino. These floors are usually found in houses which do not have damp courses in the walls either, and if you damp-proof the floor too thoroughly you will notice that more damp is forced up the walls.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply

HOW TO BECOME A GRAND MASTER by REX GRIZELL

Top chess players
must have
stamina, nerve
and the ability to



Sniff, scratch, wriggle and strip-tease

At a recent chess congress at Bognor, a nine-year-old boy sucking a lollipop had no difficulty in checkmating a white-haired veteran who had been a successful club player for more than forty years.

"This is typical of the chess boom sweeping the country now," says Robert Wade, a former British champion, who tied for second place at Bognor. "Children are learning the game almost as soon as they can count the squares, and the game has never been more popular among people of all ages than it is now."

In the 1952 world chess championships the British team came sixteenth, in 1954 ninth, in 1956 eighth and last year eleventh.

Organized chess is played in almost every senior school in the country, and in the London area there is a primary school league. There are more than thirty chess leagues in the country as a whole. Matches between county teams used to be twelve-a-side affairs. Now many counties can produce sides of fifty players of competition strength.

Before the war there were three congresses each year in Britain. Last year there were congresses at Hastings, Bognor, Sheffield, Manchester, Newquay, Liverpool, Southend, Twickenham, Cardiff, Welwyn, Londonderry, London, Leamington, Paignton and Whitby. At any one time there are more than five thousand people in different parts of the country playing chess by correspondence. Cities such as Liverpool and Belfast avoid the expense of their transporting teams to matches by playing by telephone, booking a line for anything up to six hours.

Psychologists say that the ability to play chess is a special aptitude, like musical ability, and that people who

are good at chess are not necessarily good at anything else. Most chess players like to think that they could succeed at anything, if only they chose to put their minds to it.

According to Wade, a successful chess player requires imagination, memory, nerve, calculation, determination, physical endurance, endless patience, and high powers of concentration.

The endless patience is needed to put up with the mannerisms of your opponent, who is almost certain to belong to one of a number of well-known classes of fidgety players. He may be a chair manipulator, a hair disarranger, a strip-teaser, a spectacle cleaner, a sniffer, a scratcher, or a body swayer. These are some of the commoner types.

Chair manipulators go through a cycle of operations—tilting the chair perilously backwards while holding the edge of the chess table, then rising to twiddle the chair, balance it on one leg, rest one foot on it, and finally reversing it to sit down astride with their chins resting meditatively on the back. In extremes, they may sit on the back with their feet on the seat. This sometimes helps to achieve psychological ascendancy over the opponent.

Strip-teasers usually begin by tugging at their ties when under pressure. As the game becomes more involved, tie, jacket and pullover may be taken off and draped on the chair.

Body swayers are among the most dangerous types. The body is oscillated with metronomic precision, but occasionally the safe angle of twenty degrees or so is exceeded and the resulting crash may wreak havoc on adjacent boards. A game between two body swayers swinging in counterpoise can produce freak results all over a chess room.

There is plenty of scope for trickery

in chess, as anything which does not actually infringe the rules is considered correct. The game therefore tends to bring out the worst in people. In 1561, one of the first European masters, the Spanish bishop, Ruy Lopez, wrote, "Arrange the board so that it reflects the light into your opponent's eyes."

Emanuel Lasker is considered by many masters to have been the greatest of all players; others argue that many of his "brilliant" wins were founded on his awful cigars. Another grand master, Nimzovich, did very well by persuading many tournament organizers to compel habitual smokers to abstain.

Many club players are just as skilled at gamesmanship as the masters. Popular methods of unsettling opponents include talking to them or to the spectators, or better still, to yourself. One American professional has confided that half his annual income is derived from the recitation, at critical points in his games, of "Mary had a little lamb."

During tournaments, games may last several hours, and it is usual for players to keep up their strength with a variety of snacks. Many munch chocolate, others rely on strong tea. During the Bognor congress, Ivkov, the Yugoslav grand master, ate his way through a large tin of Turkish delight. On results, one London player has moved up three boards in the club team since he started eating potato crisps during games.

Chess players are rarely beaten by better players. They lose for a variety of other reasons—poor light, blinding light, the difficulty of playing with large men on small boards, similar trouble with small men on large boards, spectators with squeaky shoes, toothache, backache, headache, and indigestion are among the most common. One great chess player remarked that he had never had the satisfaction of beating a healthy opponent.

Race against time

In the tension of the moment, and with money prizes to be won, masters will go to considerable lengths to win a game. In tournament play a given number of moves must be made within the hour. Play is timed by a pair of linked clocks. When a player makes a move he pushes a button which stops his clock and starts his opponent's.

In an international team tournament at Warsaw, an Argentinian master, Pleci, claimed his game against the Pole, Najdorf, on the time limit rule. He claimed that the hour had elapsed before Najdorf had completed the required thirty-six moves. Najdorf indignantly pointed out that he had made his thirty-sixth move but that he had not been able to stop the clock because Pleci ran away with it.

This point not being covered by the rules, the game was awarded to the Argentinian, as the clock, when recovered, had passed the hour.

The world's best chess players are

divided into international grand masters and international masters. There are only forty grand masters in the world, sixteen of them Russian. The game is taken very seriously in Communist countries, a high cultural value is set upon it, and the grand masters enjoy privileges and high social status.

When a contest was held to find a challenger for the world champion, Botvinnik, all the candidates had several weeks' preparation. The Russians began by getting themselves to a high pitch of physical fitness.

Then they studied in detail the methods of play, strong and weak points, and psychological peculiarities of the other competitors. In the tournament only one non-Russian, the American Reshevsky, came in the first six. Early last year Reshevsky was beaten for the American championship by a fifteen-year-old schoolboy prodigy from Brooklyn, Bobby Fischer.

Death to the winner

Chess is sometimes called the "royal" game, because kings have always had a special fondness for it. Canute is reputed to have been the first English king to play, and is said to have had a Danish earl murdered because he insisted on retracting a move. William the Conqueror, losing a game, is reported to have killed his opponent by hitting him on the head with the chess board.

Other English monarchs who have been keen but less passionate players include King John, Richard I, George III, and George V. Napoleon was also a keen chess player, but when a game began to go against him, he would make illegal moves.

When there is nothing that a player can do to save the game, he should resign by rising and politely shaking his opponent's hand. But for many masters defeat is too bitter to be accepted gracefully. Capablanca resigned with the hauteur of a millionaire giving sixpence to a beggar. Alekhine once resigned by furiously throwing his king across the room.

Nimzovich often resigned with the same energy that he put into his play. Once he leaped on to the table and vented his rage in a shout of "Why must I lose to this idiot?"

This hatred of defeat came early to Bobby Fischer. He began playing at six, and at nine years old he was so keen that he cried every time he lost. When he won the American championship just before his fifteenth birthday last spring, the Fédération Internationale des Echecs named him an International Master of Chess.

Bobby was unimpressed. In his adolescent Brooklyn whine, he commented: "Dey shoulda made me a gran' master." He hadn't long to wait. By qualifying for the Candidates Tournament, to be held this year to find a challenger for the world champion, Botvinnik of Russia, Bobby automatically became an international grand master.

THE END

THE HOUR OF TRUTH

A thrilling new novel by

Denise Egerton

My husband Adrian was a stranger to me now. He had always been a liar—now I knew he was a common thief. And a man concerned in murder. . . .

Adrian denied that he killed Miguel Lorentes in a London flat. But he admitted that—with his friend Cedric Sharpe and a Spaniard, Juan—he had plotted to steal the jewels taken from the church at Esteroca and hidden by Lorentes for safety during the Spanish Civil War.

In Spain, Adrian found the jewels. He and Juan arranged to meet Sharpe at Torrelavante—and escape on the yacht Calliope. But their car crashed. Juan was killed. Adrian was injured. And while he was unconscious, I hid the jewels he had stolen.

Later, while I went for help, Adrian disappeared. Now the police were after him—to extradite him on a charge of murder.

With Frant, a British business man working with the police, I went back to the scene of the crash to recover the jewels. Frant had known me for only three days. Now he said he loved me.

"I don't want you to be in love with me," I said, rather miserably. But I dared not meet the challenge in his eyes.

FINAL INSTALMENT

We scrambled back to the car, and set out at once for Esteroca. It was an ancient, walled town and Frant parked in a wide square.

As Frant switched off the engine I felt frightened and ashamed. I could not face questions.

"What is it?" Frant said. "You're very white."

I tried to explain. "Do you think the church is open? Can we just leave the treasure inside and go?"

He smiled sympathetically. "I'm afraid that wouldn't do," he said. "Would you like me to prospect? Wait in the car."

He got out, looking at ease, deceptively casual. And I thought, almost resentfully, that he could afford to be. It didn't matter to him.

After a while, as Frant did not return, I got out and walked to where an alley plunged steeply down from the level of the square. A few yards from the corner stood a luxurious black limousine. A uniformed chauffeur sat in the driving seat.

Frant appeared at the head of the church steps, evidently looking for me, and I hurried towards him. "Everything's all right," he said. "I'll take one of these now and return for the second." He began unlocking the boot of the car where we had stowed the baskets containing the jewels.

We passed through a cloister, then entered a room which might have been a study. A short, thickset man was waiting to receive us.

Frant said: "Father Oliva, allow me to present Mrs. Elvin. It is her wish, and on her orders, that I now hand these over to you."

The priest stepped forward and held out his hand. He said in English: "How do you do, Mrs. Elvin." His voice was gentle. "I need hardly tell you that this is a most momentous occasion. . . . Mr. Frant has explained. . . . yes, if you please, Mr. Frant, just here."

He swept some papers off the corner

of the desk and Frant set the basket down. Father Oliva lifted a corner of the sacking that covered it and his square, strong hands trembled a little as he touched the crucifix that Frant had held; by the side of it lay the Virgin's crown, studded with emeralds and rubies.

The priest looked up at us. "Ever since the end of the war, we have searched for the missing treasure of our church," he said. "I cannot find words to express the gratitude—"

I said: "They were found by my husband, Father. It's . . . on his behalf that I now return them to you."

The priest looked straight at me, his brown eyes gentle and calm. "I shall look forward, Mrs. Elvin, to the day when perhaps I may have the pleasure of thanking him personally, in the name of the church, for this great blessing."

"Thank you," I said. "I will tell him that."

The priest said: "And now, Mr. Frant, have you told Mrs. Elvin that—"

"Not yet, Father," Frant said. He turned to me. "Stacey, when I arrived there was a lady talking with Father Oliva. She's Señora Pertegaz, and she's anxious to meet you."

I had heard a great deal from Adrian about Señora Pertegaz. She was his aunt, the widow of a rich Spanish landowner; and it was her husband's family that had given the jewels to the church at Esteroca, centuries before. Adrian's accomplice, Juan, had been her employee. She was in Esteroca today to arrange a requiem mass for him. It was her car I had seen near the church.

Isabel Pertegaz was a tiny, smart, competent woman. She had not seen Adrian for four years, she told me later. But she had watched him grow up—and had been forced to accept the fact that his character was sadly flawed.

Now Frant had told her that Adrian was missing, and she insisted on taking me back with her to her home near Tarragona.

Before we left, Frant and I had a moment alone. "I'm going back to

Barcelona tonight," he said. "There'll be a pile of work on my desk. I may not see you for two or three days. If you need me, you've got a telephone number—or Señora Pertegaz has."

I said: "What is happening about the extradition order for Adrian?"

"These things take a little time. When it's through, they will fly a C.I.D. man out here. I'm sorry, Stacey, but nothing can stop it now."

"They have got to find him first," I said.

"They will find him, sooner or later."

I SAID to myself: "Will they?" There was still the Calliope. I ought to tell Frant about the Calliope. But I remained silent.

He said abruptly: "I hate leaving you like this." There was a pause. "How long, Stacey?" he said at last.

His face grew queerly blurred. I made a movement towards him. "I don't know," I said. "But . . . however things turn out, I can't go back and live with him again. . . ."

That night, at Tarragona, the shock hit me, and for three days I lay in bed in a kind of delirium. On the fourth day I got up.

Isabel Pertegaz was tactful and kind. That afternoon, to divert me, she took me driving in an old-fashioned carriage and pair. As we clip-clopped along I wondered what Frant was doing. There had been no news, either good or bad. Adrian might be dead for all I knew.

We left the carriage and made our way up a steep, narrow street and flights of stone steps to the cathedral. Isabel knelt in a side chapel, but I was not in a mood to pray. So after a few minutes I went outside.

On the bottom step of all a man lounged with his hands in his pockets—a thick-set bearded figure in a blue shirt and jeans. I grew rigid as he raised his head and stared up at me.

It was Cedric Sharpe—and he was waiting for me. . . .

It was seven days now since Adrian

was supposed to have smuggled the jewels out to the Calliope. During that time Cedric must have been impatiently wondering what had gone wrong. Somehow he had found me, hoping I could supply the answers. And I could—some of them.

I was still hesitating on the top step when Isabel touched my arm. "I lost you, my dear!" she said. "Have you had enough of sightseeing for one afternoon? You're looking quite pale. Well, we can soon be home."

I said quickly: "Isabel—would you think it odd if I said I'd rather walk back on my own?"

SHE was rather puzzled. "Very well, then," she said reluctantly. "I suppose you're sensible enough not to come to any harm. You had better have the telephone number with you in case you get lost. Here you are. Put it in your bag. And don't over-tire yourself."

I promised I wouldn't and watched her going down the steps. Cedric's back was turned as she passed him. I went into the cathedral. A service was being held in one of the chapels. I stood listening for a few moments. When I came out again Cedric was still at the foot of the steps. He saw me and, with a slight, beckoning motion of his head, started to walk away.

I went down the steps, and followed him. Keeping all the time some yards ahead of me, he led the way through a narrow, rather squalid side street, sauntering casually and pausing now and then to make sure that I was keeping up. Then, reaching a corner, he stopped, tossed the stub of his cigarette into the gutter and waited for me to draw level with him. He said, without a flicker of expression: "You're a bright girl, Stacey. In here."

He pulled me through a bead curtain into a café. A handful of men were sitting at small tables, reading newspapers or arguing. One or two of them stared as we entered. A very dark, Moorish-looking girl came up for the order.

"Café con leche, por favor, dos . . . y

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

THE WATERS OF DEATH

What
to da
for a
no lo



The yacht was moving
away—leaving us
both to drown. Only I could
help Adrian now . . .

a fool I was—
re so much
man I could
nger love!

BOOK
SOCIETY
CHOICE FOR
JANUARY

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for the crash that shook the
world. Yet she knew in her
heart that they were wrong . . .

CONE OF SILENCE by DAVID BEATY

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CONE OF SILENCE begins in
John Bull Illustrated NEXT WEEK

continued from page 16

un aguardiente," Cedric said. He grinned across at me as we sat down. "Cool, aren't you? That's what I like about you. I always told Adrian you had more brains than he gave you credit for."

It was plain from the way he spoke that Adrian had made contact with him. I said quickly: "Where is he?"

Cedric smiled. "Sonny Boy?" he said. "On the boat. Safe, if not very sound. Three broken ribs, and a sprained ankle—that happened after you left him in the lurch."

"He was ill," I said. "I went to get help."

"And then what?"

"I passed out. When I came round I was in a house in the village. . . . How much has Adrian told you?"

His eyes, hard and bright like cold greenish pebbles, went past me, seeking the waitress. "The lot. . . . All but the one vital thing he doesn't know himself. We had quite a tricky problem picking you up again. How did you get in with Señora Pertegaz?"

I thought carefully, feeling my way. "The police asked me questions about the crash. I had to tell them my name. When Juan's death was reported to her, as his employer, she asked to see me. She was very kind and suggested that I stay with her as I would have to be present at the official inquiry on the accident. What else could I do?"

"What did you tell them about Adrian? Did they know he was in the car?"

"Of course. The people in the village had seen him, anyway, as we passed through the evening before. I said—I

said that we'd just been on a drive and the car had got out of control."

Cedric nodded. The girl returned with the coffee and a small glass of spirit. He picked up the glass and drained it in one swallow. He touched his bearded lips with a large purple handkerchief and smiled at me coldly.

"Made a proper mess of it one way and another, hasn't he?" he said.

I said: "Are you sure it's not you who's made a mess of it, Cedric?"

"Me?"

"If you hadn't killed Miguel Lorentes. . . ."

"Careful, Stacey. We—"

"Isn't that the real cause of the fix? If you hadn't murdered him—"

"Take care what you say," Cedric sat very still. "I don't think anyone here understands English, but that's not a good word to use in any language. Lorentes's death was an accident brought about by his own hot-headedness. The foolish boy—"

"Why did you have to do it?" I said urgently.

"You had better ask Adrian."

"It wasn't Adrian. It was you."

AFTER a second or two he laughed. "Naturally that's what he'd tell you. But let's not fall out over what we might describe as an academic point. We're all in this together." He paused, and then went on abruptly: "Where are they—the jewels?"

We stared at each other in silence.

Cedric drank his coffee and the purple handkerchief came into play again. I looked past him round the room. I needed Frant. In my handbag was his card with the telephone number of his

office in Barcelona. How was I to reach a telephone and make the call?

Watching me, Cedric said: "If you are wrestling with your scruples, dear, I would forget them. I've sunk quite a bit of capital in this venture. I'm not a rich man and can't afford to support the pair of you for the rest of your lives. What's more, I'm damned if I see why I should." Impatience edged his voice. "I've a hired car at my disposal with a driver I know and can trust. We've still three or more hours of daylight ahead of us. We can nip up to the spot, you can show me where you've cached the stuff and leave the rest to me. You can be back with Aunt Isabel in time for bed."

I bit my lip. "I'm expected back within an hour. How could I explain?"

Cedric shrugged: "Tell her you met a friend—an old school friend. Anything you like. Later on—in a week or so—we'll get word to you and you can rejoin Adrian over the frontier."

I SAT staring at my empty coffee cup. "I can't do anything until I've seen him, Cedric," I said at last. "I begged him to give the jewels back to the church. I implored him to—for his own sake. They're too dangerous to keep! He was beginning to see it my way. . . ."

"This is a waste of time," Cedric said angrily.

"How can I hand them over to you without seeing him? I don't even know if you're playing straight with him."

"What do I have to do to convince you?" said Cedric.

"You can take me to Adrian now."

"Do you realize what you're asking? He's out there on the Calliope, waiting for me to get back. We hoped to be away before morning. He can't come ashore himself—apart from being too groggy, he daren't risk showing himself. Don't forget it's him the police are after, not me, and there's the Juan business, too—the local cops will want to talk to him about that."

"Can't I go out to him?"

Cedric moved, restively. I held the cards and he knew it.

At last he said: "It means driving out to Torrelevante. There'd be no time to do the other job tonight."

"The things you want are in a perfectly safe place," I said deliberately. "If it was a year before you came for them, they'd still be where they are now."

He let his breath out slowly. "All right," he said. "The car is waiting in the square below. Are you ready?"

I nodded and started to get up from my chair. A wave of genuine faintness came over me as I leaned on the table so that I did not have to pretend when Cedric said impatiently: "What's the matter?"

"I'll . . . be all right in a minute. I had concussion—I've been three days in bed. Will they have a toilet room here?"

Cedric called impatiently to the waitress. She beckoned me to follow her and even took my arm to steady me. She led me through a doorway at the back of the café and into a sort of yard. I paused for a second, resting against a wall, and closed my eyes. It wasn't going to help me to faint in earnest.

The air was a little fresher than inside the café and a moment later I felt better. I opened my eyes. The girl was watching me with an anxious frown. I drew a deep breath and said softly: "Telefono?"

She looked surprised. "Sí?"

"Dónde?" I asked. And I put a finger on my lips.

She caught on. A knowing smile, like sultry sunshine, broke over her dark

face. She said something in Spanish, but I shook my head. I said: "No entiendo. You understand English?"

"No, no . . .!" She frowned again.

I fumbled in my bag, got out Frant's card. My fingers felt stiff with nerves and sick frustration. I pointed to the number. She studied it. Then she said quietly: "Parlez-vous français?"

"Oui!"

The sultry smile came again. She said: "My mother was French-speaking, from Tangier. You want help with the telephone?"

"I'm in trouble. I want to speak to a friend and I don't want my companion to know. Can you get me the number?"

"Come this way," said the girl.

We went in by another door, past a kitchen where women were working at a long table, along a short passage and into a small dark room not much bigger than a cupboard. Beyond a glass-panelled door hung with a thin curtain was the café itself, and I could see Cedric standing there waiting.

SUDDENLY I had a better idea. A call to Barcelona might be a lengthy business, with more than a chance that, even if I got through, Frant might not be there. I could not spare the time. It would have to be the Casa Romano. The girl asked for the number and in a few minutes I was through. But I had to wait while Isabel was fetched. With my eyes on the glass-panelled door, I saw Cedric turn, staring at it.

At last I heard Isabel's voice. "Stacey?" she said. "My dear, we've been expecting you home every minute. Where are you?"

"Listen, Isabel! I want you to phone Frant. You've got the Barcelona number. At once, please. Tell him I'm with Cedric Sharpe, the man he wants. We're going out to the yacht. . . ."

"My dear, you had better speak to him yourself."

"I can't. It would take too long. That's why I. . . ."

"But he's here, Stacey."

"What?"

"He was here when I got back after leaving you, and a man from Scotland Yard. They were waiting for us. The detective wants to see you about Adrian. I'll call them. . . ."

"Wait. . . ." The girl tugged warningly on my arm. Cedric was walking straight towards the glass door. "I can't stop! It's the Calliope. . . . Torrelevante. . . . tell him—"

I only just had time to get the receiver back when Cedric opened the door. We stared hard at each other.

He said at last: "I thought you'd run out on me. What are you doing?"

"I was just coming back. She got me some sal volatile. I'm better now."

There was a narrow couch in the little room that I might have been resting on. I don't think he even saw the telephone.

MY husband lay with his back to the cabin door and he seemed to be asleep, but as it swung to behind me he stirred and muttered: "Cedric?"

"It's me, Adrian."

He turned then, and sat up, blinking at me as though he could not believe what he saw. He swung his legs to the floor.

"Stacey! What's happened? I wasn't expecting you yet. . . ."

"A fisherman brought me."

He stared at me, rubbing a hand across his eyes. "Where's Cedric?"

"He didn't want to risk us being seen together. He's coming out in the dinghy."

"With the stuff?"

I said rather bitterly: "Is that all you can think off?"

"It's a pretty big 'all,' isn't it?" He got shakily to his feet, looking gaunt and ravaged so that the grin he suddenly gave me had a macabre quality. "I realized you must have had the sense to hide it."

"Yes," I said. "I hid it."

He closed his eyes against a shattering memory. "It was a bad moment when those men came for you. I hid under some bushes. Then it took me the best part of the day to get to the

continued on page 26

We win the war— and try to get on with the Russians

In the afterglow of victory came the first signs of
trouble: suspicion, greed and fear among the Allies



Montgomery dines with Marshal Zhukov, the Russian leader in Berlin. The conviviality was not to last . . .

On April 27, 1945, I received a report from the War Office that on the twenty-fourth Hitler had made an offer of capitulation through the Swedish Red Cross.

Hitler stated that Hitler was desperately ill and that he (Hitler) was in a position of full authority to act. I did not pay much attention to this report. So far as I was concerned the on-coming Russians were more dangerous than the stricken Germans. I knew the German war was practically over. The essential and immediate task was to push on with all speed and get to the Baltic, and then to form a flank facing east; this would stop the Russians getting into Schleswig-Holstein and thence into Denmark.

Events now began to move rapidly. Late on May 1 we picked up an announcement on the German wireless that Hitler had died at his command post in Berlin and that he had appointed Admiral Doenitz to succeed him as Führer. No mention was made of Himmler, one of my liaison officers later saw him at Doenitz's headquarters at Flensburg and gathered that he was no longer playing a leading part in the direction of affairs.

On the afternoon of May 2 General Blumentritt, who was commanding all the German land forces between the Baltic and the River Weser, sent a message to Second Army headquarters that he proposed to come in the next morning to offer the surrender of his forces. He did not appear but sent a message to the effect that negotiations were to be conducted on a higher level. On May 3 Field-Marshal Keitel sent a delegation to my headquarters on Luneburg Heath, with the consent of Admiral Doenitz, to open negotiations for surrender. This party arrived at 11.30 hours and consisted of General-Admiral von Friedeburg, C.-in-C. of the German Navy; General Kintzel, chief of staff to Field-Marshal Bueh, who was commanding the German land forces on my northern and western flanks; Rear-Admiral Wagner, and Major Friedel, a staff officer. This party of four was later joined by Colonel Pollek, another staff officer.

The great moment

They were brought to my caravan site and were drawn up under the Union Jack, which was flying proudly in the breeze. I kept them waiting for a few minutes and then came out of my caravan and walked towards them. They all saluted, under the Union Jack. It was a great moment; I knew the Germans had come to surrender and that the war was over. Few of those in the signals and operations caravans at my Tac Headquarters will forget the thrill experienced when they heard the faint "tapping" of the Germans trying to pick us up on the wireless command link—to receive the surrender instructions from their delegation. I said to my interpreter: "Who are these men?" He told me.

Admiral Friedeburg then read me a letter from Field-Marshal Keitel offering to surrender to me the three German armies withdrawing in front of the Russians between Berlin and Rostock. I refused to consider this, saying that these armies should surrender to the Russians. I added that, of course, if any German soldiers came towards my front with their hands up they would automatically be taken prisoner. Von Friedeburg said it was unthinkable to surrender to the Russians as they were savages, and the German soldiers would be sent straight off to work in Russia. I said the Germans should have thought of all these things before they began the war, and particularly before they attacked Russia in June, 1941. Von Friedeburg next said that they

by ELIZABETH NICHOLAS



The Tower of Belem, Lisbon... on a coast that is superb for early holidays

Those unspoiled holiday places

WHICH country in western Europe, if any, is the favourite for British visitors? It is hard to say; statistics vary, so do opinions. But on any list, France must come very high.

You might think that it consisted only of Paris, the Channel coast, Brittany, the Riviera and the Savoy Alps, judging from most travel agents' programmes. (And, let's face it, the agents trim their sails to meet popular demand.)

But France is, of course, larger than that.

It stands to reason that prices go up when hundreds of thousands of people all want to cram into the same small space at the same time. The lesser-known regions could provide you with a cheaper French holiday—but where?

Let me say first that it is, in my experience, true that certain areas are madly popular it is because they are in some way exceptional—either in their climate, natural beauty and amenities, or man-made distractions. For example, there is a stretch of coast, roughly that between Arles and Narbonne, that is virtually unknown to the British.

Not so the French, who flock there with their families.

The French Government Tourist Office, at 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1, will send you leaflets that give a very good idea of the region; and that goes, too, for the other lesser-known areas.

These include the Atlantic coast between La Rochelle and Royan and, farther south, the coast west of Bordeaux, running down to Arcachon, where there are miles of sandy beaches, fringed with pines. Farther south still is the Basque country, with Biarritz as its most famous resort, and that little region bordering the Spanish frontier which is much more expensive.

Tourists neglect it

The French Alps and Paris apart, almost the whole of the interior of France is neglected by the British tourist. The Loire valley is an exception, for it attracts large numbers of travellers. But if the sea is not an absolute must, I would suggest that you try the Auvergne, for example; it is green, hilly, extremely beautiful—and comparatively cheap.

Again, there is the glorious country round Albi, in itself one of the loveliest towns of France. There are the Vosges and Jura mountains, wonderfully open, green, unspoiled, where walking, fishing, pottering and eating holidays are a delight.

I mention eating because I have nowhere eaten better food than in a small inn near Châtillon, lost in the folds of the Jura mountains.

The Valley of the Seine, between

Paris and Rouen, could hardly be described as unexplored, but it is comparatively rare to find English families there. How wrong they are!

The little riverside villages, peaceful, pastoral and kindly, are wonderful centres for families that want to taste for themselves the delights of rural France: swimming, sailing, fishing, good food, boating and, above all, calm.

If you feel that it must be one of the famous places, such as the Riviera, Brittany or the Alps, do, if you possibly can, avoid the six weeks from mid-July until the end of August.

The saving if you go to a Breton village in June, instead of August, is really not to be ignored. That goes, too, for the Riviera, which is infinitely nicer in May, June, late September or October than it is in full summer.

Spanish haunts

So to Spain; the Costa Brava, of course. It is spoiled, they say. But nothing can spoil its natural beauties.

If you like a bigish centre, other people and diversions, San Feliu is good; so are Tossa and Calella.

At Selva you will still find something of Spain itself—and astonishingly low prices.

Much farther south there is a beautiful bit of coast between Valencia and Alicante, on which Benidorm is the best-known town.

Torremolinos has become famous. I think it far less attractive than the more northerly resorts, but it has a good spring and autumn climate and, by flying to Gibraltar, it is easy to reach.

Venturing off the beaten track in Spain is very different from going off-track in France and Switzerland. I would not recommend it to the inexperienced. But you won't go wrong on the northern coast, where San Sebastian and Santander have long enjoyed a high reputation for climate, beauty and fun. They, too, are inexpensive if you stick to small hotels and pensions.

Lastly, Portugal—one of my favourites. If, in early summer, you can explore the Atlantic coast you will not be disappointed. At Foz do Arelho, some sixty miles north of Lisbon, there is an English-run hotel that is very comfortable.

If you want Portuguese in Portugal, try some of the state-run inns (the one at Arrábida is splendid) or try the hotels at Estoril, which are very comfortable and reasonable, too.

Tourism in Portugal is not commercialized and that makes for a good holiday, a "different" holiday.

Book there early and travel by sea. That, to my mind, is the perfect holiday—sun, sea, sand, wine, fruit from the tree and kindly people. What more could you want?

THE END

Montgomery

continued from previous page

were anxious about the civilian population in Mecklenburg who were being overrun by the Russians, and they would like to discuss how these could be saved.

I replied that Mecklenburg was not in my area and that any problems connected with it must be discussed with the Russians.

I then asked if they wanted to discuss the surrender of their forces on my western flank. They said they did not, but they were anxious about the civilians in those areas, and would like to arrange some scheme by which their troops could withdraw slowly as my forces advanced. I refused.

I decided to spring something on them quickly. I said to von Friedeburg: "Will you surrender to me all German forces on my western and northern flanks, including all forces in Holland, Friesland with the Frisian Islands and Heligoland, Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark? If you will do this, I will accept it as a tactical battlefield surrender of the enemy forces immediately opposing me, and those in support in Denmark."

He said he could not agree to this. But he was anxious to come to some agreement about the civilian population in those areas; I refused to discuss this.

I then said that if the Germans refused to surrender unconditionally the forces in the areas I had named, I would order the fighting to continue; many more German soldiers would then be killed, and possibly some civilians also from artillery fire and air attack.

By this time I reckoned that I would not have much more difficulty in getting them to accept my demands. But I thought that an interval for lunch might be desirable so that they could reflect on what I had said. I sent them away to have lunch in a tent by themselves, with nobody else present except one of my officers.

After lunch I sent for them again and this time the meeting was in my conference tent with the map of the battle situation on the table. I began this meeting by delivering an ultimatum. They must surrender unconditionally all their forces in the areas I had named; once they had done this I would discuss with them the best way of occupying the areas and looking after the civilians; if they refused, I would go on with the battle.

They saw at once that I meant what I said. They were convinced of the hopelessness of their cause but they said they had no power to agree to my demands. They were, however, now prepared to recommend to Field-Marshal Keitel the unconditional surrender of all the forces on the western and northern flanks of 21 Army Group. Two of them would go back to see Keitel, and bring his agreement.

Surrender mission

I then drew up a document which summarized the decisions reached at our meeting, which I said must be signed by myself and von Friedeburg, and could then be taken to Flensburg, and given to Keitel and Doenitz.

It read as follows:

"1. All members of the German armed forces who come into the 21 Army Group front from the east desiring to surrender will be made prisoners of war. An acceptance by 21 Army Group of the surrender of a complete German Army fighting the Russians is not possible.

"2. No discussion about civilians possible.

"3. Field-Marshal Montgomery desires that all German forces in Holland, Friesland (including the islands and Heligoland), Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark lay down their arms and surrender unconditionally to him. He is prepared when the surrender has been agreed to discuss the method of occupying the areas, dealing with civilians, etc.

"4. General-Admiral von Friedeburg

is not at present empowered to give the agreement of surrender as in para. 3. He will therefore send two officers (Rear-Admiral Wagner and Major Freidel) to the Oberkommando of the Wehrmacht to obtain and bring back the agreement. He requests Field-Marshal Montgomery to make available an aircraft for the two officers as transport by road is too slow and requests that Admiral von Friedeburg and General Kinzel remain at Field-Marshal Montgomery's H.Q. in the meantime."

Actually it was von Friedeburg and Freidel who went back to Flensburg, and they went by car. I said they must be back at my Tac Headquarters by 6 p.m. the next day, May 4.

I was certain von Friedeburg would return with full powers to sign. I therefore decided to see the press at 5 p.m. on May 4 and to describe to the correspondents all that had happened in the last few days, and to tell them about what I hoped was going to happen at 6 p.m. that evening.

Von Friedeburg and Freidel got back to my headquarters while the press conference was in progress. I saw Colonel Ewart, my staff officer, enter the tent and knew he had the answer. But I finished my talk and then asked Ewart if von Friedeburg was back. He said he was. I told the correspondents they could all go with me to my conference tent and witness the final scene.

Peace terms signed

The German delegation was paraded again under the Union Jack, outside my caravan. I took von Friedeburg into my caravan to see him alone. I asked him if he would sign the full surrender terms as I had demanded; he said he would do so. He was very dejected. It was nearly 6 p.m.

I gave orders for the ceremony to take place at once in a tent pitched for the purpose, which had been wired for the recording instruments. The German delegation went across to the tent, watched by groups of soldiers, war correspondents, photographers and others—all very excited. They knew it was the end of the war.

I had the surrender document all ready. The arrangements in the tent were very simple—a trestle table covered with an army blanket, an inkpot, an ordinary army pen that you could buy in a shop for twopence. There were two B.B.C. microphones on the table.

In that tent on Luneburg Heath, publicly in the presence of the press and other spectators, I read out in English the Instrument of Surrender. I called on each member of the German delegation by name to sign the document, which they did without any discussion. I then signed, on behalf of General Eisenhower.

The document was in English and the delegation could not understand it; but I gave them copies in German.

The original is typed on an ordinary sheet of army foolscap. I was asked to forward it to Supreme Headquarters. Instead I sent photostat copies. The original is in my possession and I will never part with it; it is a historic document.

I do not know what happened to the pen we all used; I suppose someone pinched it.

Following the signing of the Instrument of Surrender there was much to be done. I had ordered all offensive action to cease on May 3 when the Germans first came to see me; I knew it was the end and I did not want any more casualties among the troops entrusted to my care. I now sent out a cease fire order to take effect at 8 a.m. on Saturday, May 5, 1945.

In Germany, the problem that faced us immediately after the surrender was terrific. We had in our area nearly one and a half million German prisoners of war. There were a further one million German wounded, without medical supplies and in particular with a

shortage of bandages and no anaesthetics. In addition, there were about one million civilian refugees who had fled into our area from the advancing Russians; these and "Displaced Persons" were roaming about the country, often looting as they went.

Transportation and communication services had ceased to function. Agriculture and industry were largely at a standstill. Food was scarce and there was a serious risk of famine and disease during the coming months. And to crown it all there was no central government in being.

Here was a pretty pickle!

I was a soldier and I had not been trained to handle anything of this nature. However, something had to be done, and done quickly.

The first thing was to issue very strict orders about looting and the use of German transport facilities. Many units had taken German staff cars into use and one or two generals were driving about in the captured cars of German field-marshal.

I decided that one and all must be pulled up with a jerk; if Germany was to recover quickly she would need transport for communication and distribution purposes.

The basis of my plan in the British Zone was to work through the German command organization in the first instance, and to issue my orders regarding the disposal of the German forces to Field-Marshal Busch, the German C-in-C. in north-west Europe. He was to have his headquarters in Schleswig-Holstein.

German army boundaries were to be altered to coincide with British boundaries. All German troops were to be moved into peninsulas along the coastline, and then sealed off in those peninsulas with their backs against the sea. There was no other way of dealing with a million and a half

BLUSHING—I

Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to.

Mark Twain

prisoners; we could not put such a number into camps or p.o.w. cages.

Once in these areas prisoners were to be documented and checked over. They were then to be demobilized and directed back to their civil vocations, as and when they were needed and work became available—the farmers, the miners, the post office workers, the civil servants, etc.

My purpose was to re-establish orderly local government in the British Zone by using my military command organization of corps, division, brigade and regimental headquarters. These would have areas corresponding to the local civil counties, boroughs, rural districts, etc., and in all cases would work through the appropriate civil organizations.

The greatest problem was food and much would depend on the coming harvest. I ordered that the armed forces were not to purchase or requisition any foodstuffs from the civil population; the latter would need it all themselves.

It seemed to me that only by working on these lines could we establish quickly some form of orderly control and get a grip on the chaotic situation that existed in the British Zone. I had suddenly become responsible for the government and well-being of about twenty million Germans. Tremendous problems would be required to be handled and if they were not solved before the winter began many Germans would die.

The Russian forces in contact with 21 Army Group belonged to the White Russian Army Group commanded by Marshal Rokossovsky, who later became Minister of Defence in Poland. On May 7 he had visited me at Wismar, where I entertained him and some of his officers to lunch. Rokossovsky was an imposing figure, tall, very good-looking and well-dressed; I understand

he was a bachelor and was much admired by ladies. He invited me to visit him at his H.Q. about twenty miles inside the Russian area, and I accepted for May 10.

The Russians were clearly anxious to make a good impression and they sent a special envoy to the H.Q. of the 6th Airborne Division in Wismar to find out what sort of entertainment I liked and what were my tastes and habits. The envoy began by asking what sort of wine I preferred; he was told that I disliked wine, never drank any alcohol and preferred water.

He then said they proposed to produce some very fine cigars at lunch. Did I like cigars? He was told I did not smoke.

By this time he was somewhat shaken; but he had one more suggestion to make. They had some very fine women and dancing girls and they would produce these for the field-marshal. He was told that the field-marshal did not like women.

That finished him and he exclaimed: "He doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and doesn't like women. What the devil does he do all day?"

However, an agreed programme was drawn up without difficulty and I motored into the Russian Zone to visit Rokossovsky at the H.Q. of the White Russian Army Group.

The visit was a great success and after an enormous feast the Russians produced a concert party which entertained us for about an hour.

Need for decision

As the days passed I became increasingly worried at the lack of any proper organization to govern Germany. I had been informed privately in April that I would probably be made responsible for the long-term government of the British Zone; but the proposed appointment was delayed, with the result that there was a serious lack of co-ordination between the British section of the Control Commission in London and the Military Government staff working under me in Germany.

I therefore flew to London on May 14 to impress on the Prime Minister the urgent need for a decision in the matter. I arrived at a politically unfavourable moment. The Coalition Government was coming to its expected end and the prospects of an early general election discouraged Cabinet ministers from taking any but the most vital decisions.

My task was to persuade the Prime Minister that the problems of government in Germany were of such importance that an immediate decision was vital. I succeeded. The Prime Minister decided to appoint me Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces of Occupation and British Member of the Allied Control Council in Germany.

I returned to my headquarters via Paris. I had been asked to open the British Military Exhibition in that city on the twenty-fifth. Paris turned out en masse and the reception I received was stupendous. I was decorated by General de Gaulle with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour at a colourful parade in the courtyard of the Invalides and then I opened the exhibition.

Messages to Germans

Later in the day large crowds assembled outside the British Embassy, where I was staying, and kept calling for me. Finally I went out on a balcony to thank them. I made a very short speech in English.

When I discovered at the end of May that the Germans generally in the British Zone were becoming restive and anxious about their future I decided to issue them a message which would tell them what I proposed to do—in exactly the same way that I had issued personal messages to the soldiers in the armies under my command during the war.

The war messages called forth no political comment so far as I was aware. But these messages to the twenty million civilian Germans in the British Zone were viewed with some mistrust in Whitehall. Was I becoming a

continued on page 24

BE PROUD OF YOUR HOME
by ROGER SMITHELLS

Put a good face on it

You don't have to go down on hands and knees to keep floors clean and gleaming these days. But you do have to know which is the right polish or surface treatment to keep your type of floor up to scratch—without scratches.

Different floors require different treatments. For instance, you cannot use on modern plastic, composition or rubber floorings the traditional polishes which you use on solid parquet.

Many old houses have wooden floors which have become shabby with age. Before you decide what polish to use you will have to find out how your floor is finished. Is it waxed, stained, lacquered, varnished or sealed?

If a waxed floor is looking shabby, strip it. Remove old layers of polish. You can do this with turpentine substitute. Then wash the floor with soap and water and rinse it. If you decide to seal your floor it is imperative that not a trace of wax remains. A test for this is to rub up the floor with a clean polisher. If a slight shine appears you will have to rewash the floor.

Many houses have heavily oiled wooden floors. If you want to substitute a polished finish for an oil one, first have your floor sanded down by your local flooring contractors. Some firms hire out roller sanders if you wish to tackle this job yourself. If you wish to retain the oil floor it is easily maintained by dusting with an oiled cloth or mop and washing occasionally with a mild soap solution, rinsing afterwards. After you have done this you will need to apply a fresh coat of warmed oil, rub in the oil thoroughly and wipe off any excess oil, or you will have a slippery surface which attracts dust.

You can restore tiled floors which have become dull by the judicious use of scouring powder put on with a wet cloth or fine steel wool.

Care is required in restoring thermoplastic and rubber floors. Wash with detergent and warm water, using a damp rag or mop. Use as little water as possible and do not scrub. Paraffin, spirits or normal wax polishes must not be used on any of these surfaces. Black marks can be erased with fine steel wool. If you have a tiled floor be very careful that the water is not allowed to seep between the tiles. Old polish can be removed from linoleum with turpentine substitute.

Parquet, hardwood, linoleum and cork floors, if thoroughly cleansed of all top dressing, can be treated with "Glitsa," a plastic floor seal, which will give a heat, grease and oil resistant finish. A treated floor can be cleaned by sweeping or with a vacuum cleaner. No waxing or polishing is required. In places where traffic is heavy "Glitsa Gloss" can be used to touch up the worn parts. "Glitsa Gold Seal, Standard Grade" costs 19s. 4d. a quart (96 sq. ft.) and "Glitsa Gloss" 8s. 8d. a pint (225 sq. ft.). Another seal



A plastic-sealed floor is easily kept clean with occasional wet-mopping. A Supermaid self-wringing mop is ideal for this job. 12s. 11d., spare sponge pads, 4s. 6d.

serving a similar purpose is Ronseal at 6s. 6d. a pint (63 sq. ft. of hardwood, 130 sq. ft. of linoleum), which can be touched up with wax polish.

Alternatively you may decide to use a no-rub emulsion on the floor such as Johnson's "Glo-Coat" or Ronuk's self-polishing emulsion. You will still have to carry out the preparatory cleaning, but not so thoroughly. The no-rub finish is applied and left to dry. It doesn't need polishing and gives a high-gloss finish which lasts for several weeks.

Thermoplastic, composition tile and rubber: The normal type of spirit-based wax polishes cannot be applied to these floors. Manufacturers are now producing wax polishes, in which the wax is emulsified in water, such as Accogloss, Marley Superwax and Ronuk emulsion. These water-wax polishes dry with a shine and can be buffed lightly for a brilliant gloss. Any dirt or spill marks are easily mopped up. If these floors become very dirty they can be cleaned with one of the cleansers, made by Armstrong, Semtex or Ronuk.

Ceramic and mosaic tiled floors: Tile floors free of wax and dirt can be treated with a thin coat of seal and kept clean with a soft broom. Or you can scrub, mop or wipe them clean—never letting them stand under water as this tends to loosen the mortar in which the tiles are set. Red or green tiles can be washed and treated with coloured wax polish such as Cardinal polish or Redtile.

Linoleum: While polish does to a certain extent help to preserve linoleum and make it easier to clean, it is not essential except where the linoleum is exposed to water.

NOTE—"Glitsa" plastic floor seal is available from: Messrs. Petalton, Ltd., 5 Fitzhardinge Street, London, W.1.

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2/6

3

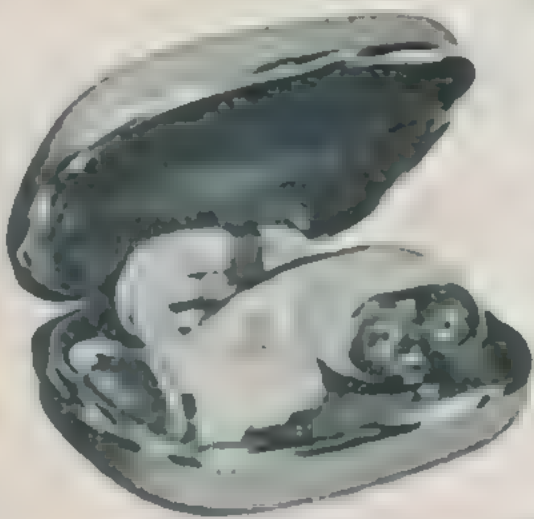
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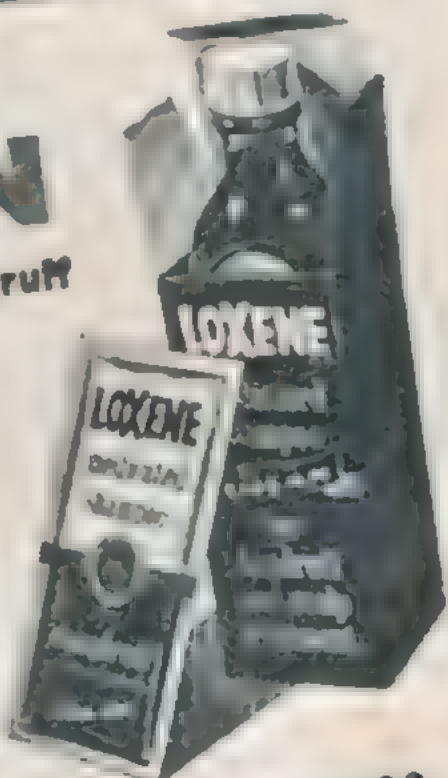
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7



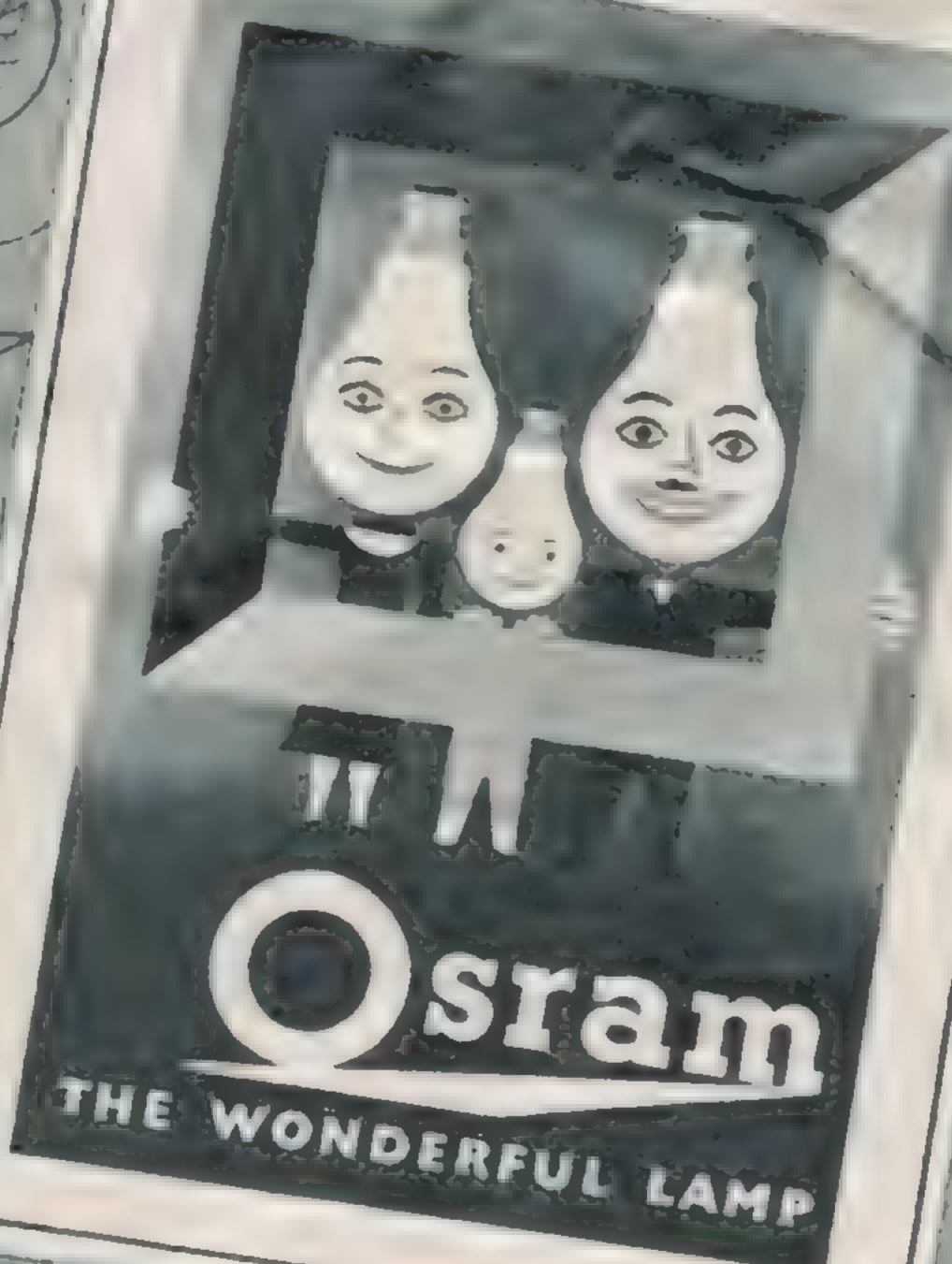
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applies. Add your name and full address: post in
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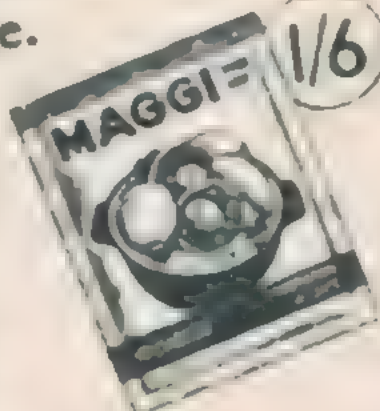
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Children love it!

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THE METAL-TIPPED RUBBER HEEL

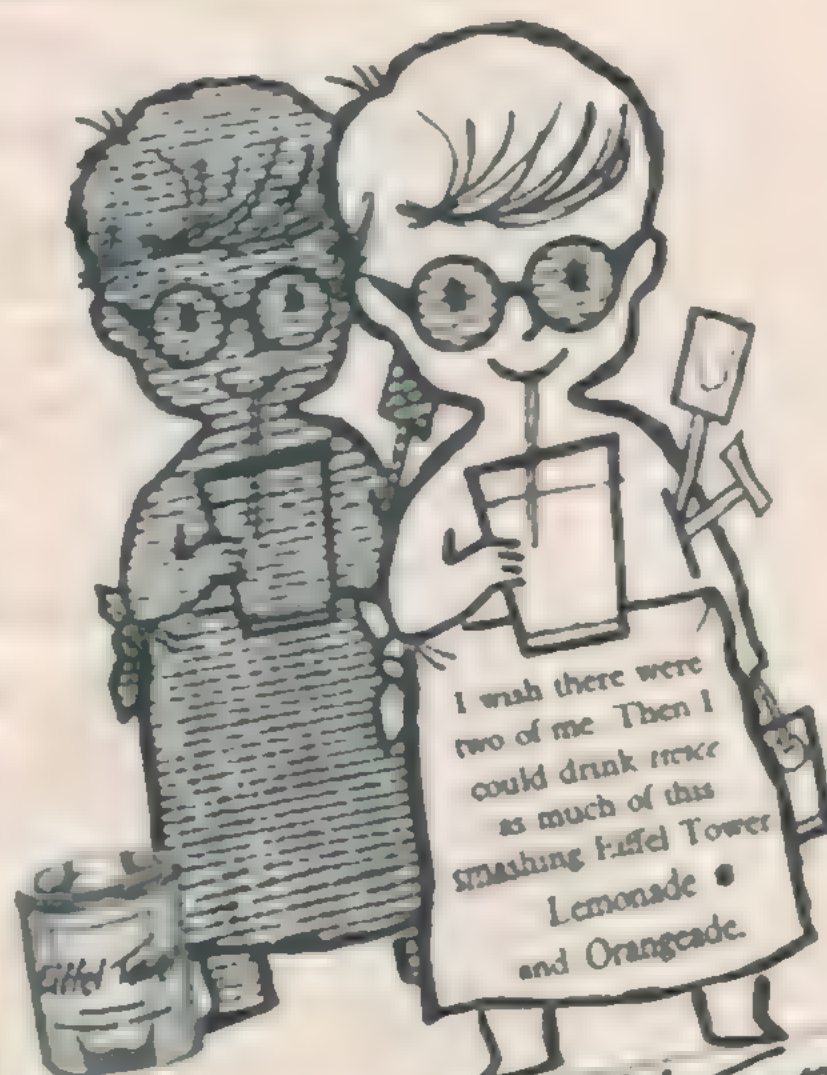
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Resolutions - "Combinettes"
last... and last... and last.
Sizes for Men, Ladies and Children



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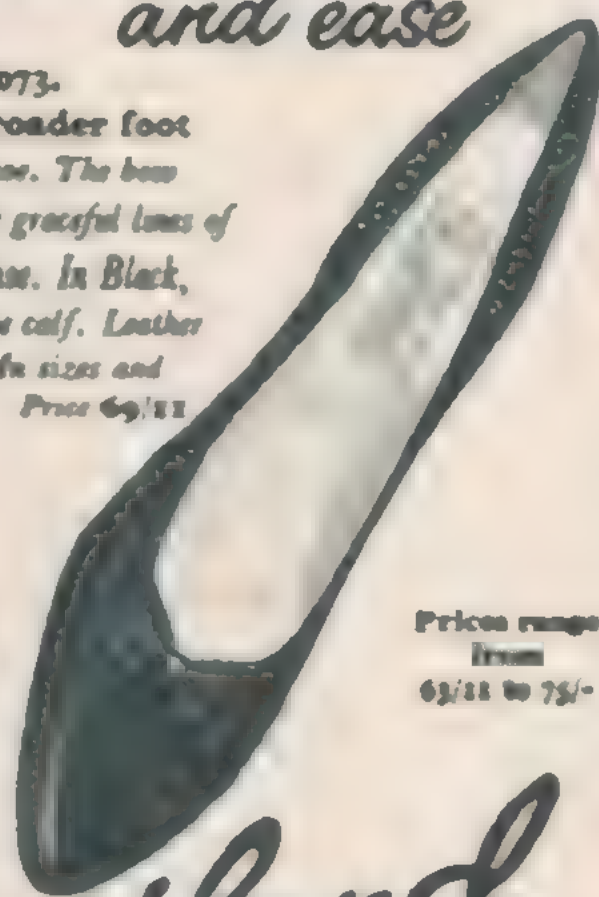
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drink it HOT!

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An elegant town shoe. The best
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TO POST
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JAN. 21

UNTIMELY WEATHER

Sometimes a day in June and one
In January interchange
And we exclaim, seeing the sun
When most it seems most strange:
"It's warm enough for a picnic,"
or,
If on a picnic bound,
"The wind. . . . It never blew so
faw
When snow was on the ground."

WILLIAM CLARKE



Montgomery

continued from page 21

military dictator who would seize power? And so on.

Later the need for them was queried by the Labour government. But I stuck to my guns and refused to be "seen off" by my political masters; so long as I was responsible I was determined to use my own methods.

My next object was to relax by stages the complete non-fraternization order and, while doing so, to keep in the closest agreement with Eisenhower's policy in the American Zone. The British soldier has always been fond of children and on June 12 I relaxed the order to the extent that soldiers might speak to, and play with, children. They were, of course, doing it anyway.

In July I relaxed the rules still further, allowing conversation with Germans in the streets and public places, but forbidding troops to enter German homes. Finally, in September, 1945, I raised the subject in the Control Council and got it agreed that the ban on fraternization should be lifted, the rules to be the same in each zone.

We were then left with only two rules—no members of the armed forces were to be billeted with Germans, nor were they allowed to marry them.

It was a great relief to get this matter settled. I had never liked the orders which we had had to issue; but it was the Allied policy. After the German war had been over for some weeks it became practically impossible to enforce the non-fraternization orders.

Eisenhower and I met Marshal Zhukov in Berlin on June 5. The Russians made their position crystal clear. They were not prepared to operate the machinery of the Control Council, or even to begin staff discussions on the many problems that lay ahead in Germany, until the Western Allies had handed over those portions of the Russian Zone they still occupied. No central organization for the control of Germany was therefore possible for the time being.

Price of failure

I reported accordingly to the British Government and gave it as my view that, because of the Russian attitude, we should get back into our agreed zones at once. If we had captured Vienna, Prague and Berlin before the Russians, as we could have done, the position would possibly have been different. We now had to begin to pay the price for that failure.

There were no military reasons for staying where we were; there were many political reasons for withdrawing, and unless we did so we couldn't even begin to control the Germany we had conquered.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Churchill, did not agree with this view; indeed, his opinion was that we should stay where we were until the Russians had become more amenable.

I remember discussing the subject

with Eisenhower when I was staying with him in Washington in 1946; he was then Chief of Staff of the American Army, and I was C.I.G.S.

On reflection he reckoned that if we had stood firm the Russians would eventually have given in, and if they had used force to make us go back, we would have fought them. I could not agree. The British people were completely fed up with war and would never have been persuaded to fight the Russians in 1945.

Furthermore, Britain had reached the limit of her manpower resources and could not have sustained further active operations in Europe; the American armies in Europe were being redeployed for intensifying the war against Japan. France was still down and out.

I went to London on June 16 and made clear to the British Government the problems with which we were faced, and the impossibility of making much progress in the government of Germany until the machinery of the Central Commission could be got going. I learned that discussions were then in progress between the Prime Minister, President Truman and Marshal Stalin, on the occupation of agreed zones both in Germany and also in Austria—where the Russians had to hand over a considerable area to the Western Allies.

Not working out

On June 19 I was informed that Marshal Stalin had agreed to the simultaneous withdrawal into agreed zones in Germany and in Austria, and to the move of Anglo-French-American garrisons into Berlin, such moves to begin about July 1.

As the summer of 1945 wore on it became obvious that things were not going to work out in the way we had hoped. This was due to trouble with the Russians and also to divergent viewpoints among the Western Allies.

We were committed to the Potsdam Protocol which entailed, among other things, the provision of reparations from the British Zone to Russia, the settlement of refugees in the British Zone, and the treatment of Germany as an economic whole under a central German administration. Because the British Zone never had been economically self-sufficing and because, owing to the past bombing and future reparations, it would become eventually even farther from that desirable state, we obviously wanted Germany treated as one economic entity. For us, the battle of the winter lay ahead.

A further trouble was the fact that if Germany was to pay for the cost of the British occupation, she must be made capable of doing so. But her industrial capacity was to be immensely reduced, her shipping removed and her foreign assets frozen. Unless Germany could rebuild her foreign exchange position, she could not pay.

The Russians did not mind that. For them Germany must pay by immediate reparations in machinery and labour; a dismembered and discontented Germany would help the spread of Communism.

The job of the Control Council was to evolve a new Europe, and one in which

seventy million Germans would live peaceably as one entity. We could achieve this only by Quadripartite control of a central German government. Upon our ability to succeed rested more futures than Germany's alone.

What would happen if we failed?

However, my immediate concern was with the British Zone, in trying to establish there some order out of the existing chaos, and in getting our twenty million Germans through the winter which lay ahead. I did not propose to be drawn away from that purpose because of difficulties with the Russians.

The Prime Minister, President Truman and Marshal Stalin arrived in Berlin for the conference at Potsdam on July 15. I went up to Berlin to receive the Prime Minister on his arrival, and took the opportunity then, and on the following day before the conference began, to inform him, Anthony Eden, and the C.I.G.S. of the problems of government in the British Zone in Germany, and of the questions which urgently required a decision at the forthcoming conference. The main question was whether there was in future to be one Germany or two.

Just when the conference looked like reaching some decisions, the British delegation had to return to England for the opening on July 26 of the ballot boxes in order to discover the results of the General Election.

The decisive defeat of the Churchill government came as a great surprise to all, and the formation of a new government caused a slight delay in the return of a British delegation to Potsdam. There was not unnaturally some uncertainty about the effect that the change of government would have on the deliberations of the conference. All doubts were, however, set at rest when Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevin arrived in Potsdam; these two grasped the problems with both hands and created a very good impression on everyone.

The results of the conference appeared on the surface to be gratifying. The main results as far as they affected Germany were as follows:

(a) The establishment of a Council of Foreign Ministers to prepare peace treaties with Italy and with the Axis satellites; to prepare a peace settlement with Germany, for use when a German government was ultimately set up; and to consider certain European territorial questions.

(b) Three-Power agreement to treat the German population uniformly throughout Germany, as far as practicable; to remove all Nazis from office; to permit freedom of speech, of the press and of religion, and the formation of free trade unions, subject to military security; and to decentralize the political structure—no central German government being contemplated for the time being.

(c) Agreement that Germany should be treated as an economic unit.

(d) A settlement was reached whereby the occupying authorities should take reparations from Germany in the form of capital goods to the extent of

Germany's ability to surrender industrial equipment.

(e) Agreement to transfer to Germany the populations remaining in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Hungary; this to be effected in an orderly and humane manner.

All this looked good—to me too good—and I could not see much of it happening. However, the great point now was to push ahead.

Meanwhile I was pondering deeply over the problem of the rehabilitation of the mentality of the German people on the right lines. There must be a plan for this, and at present we had none. I therefore decided on the following outline plan:

(i) To allow the people to discuss their problems among themselves, and generally to set on foot measures for self-help.

(ii) To eradicate the best allies of Nazism—idleness, boredom and fear of the future—and to replace them by good ideas and by hope.

(iii) To work particularly on the youth of the German nation.

We were opening schools and universities as soon as possible. New school books must be printed which were not tainted with Nazi ideologies, and all Nazi teaching and ideas must be eradicated from educational establishments.

There would be a shortage of suitable teachers and that matter must be tackled energetically.

In November, just when I was thinking we were beginning to get our affairs in the British Zone into good working order, Zhukov circulated a memorandum to the Control Council in which he accused me of retaining organized units of the former German Army in the British Zone.

The presence of organized disarmed units of the German Army in the British Zone had first been discussed in the Coordinating Committee on September 17; had again been brought up on October 23 and had been the subject of two letters by General Robertson to Marshal Zhukov and General Sokolovsky.

The question had originally been discussed in relation to the "Law for

BLUSHING—2

Whoever blushes is guilty already; true innocence is ashamed of nothing.

J. J. Rousseau

the Elimination and Limitation of Military Training," but it had become apparent that the Soviet authorities were suspicious of the intentions of the British Government in retaining in their zone large numbers of ex-Wehrmacht personnel, and Marshal Zhukov's memorandum was, in effect, a direct attack upon us. It was based on the Potsdam Declaration which laid down that all German units and headquarters must be immediately disarmed and disbanded.

The memorandum alleged that organized German headquarters with full "operations" staffs existed from army group level down to the military and air districts into which the British Zone was divided. It also claimed that two corps groups existed, each 100,000 strong; that tank detachments were in being; and that we were maintaining considerable numbers of Balts and Hungarians in organized units. In conclusion, the memorandum stated that it considered it imperative that a commission of the Control Council should visit the British Zone to examine the situation on the spot.

This meeting was the first occasion on which one ally had criticized the conduct of another in the Control Council. It was important to allay at once all Russian suspicions of our good faith, but at the same time the Russian method of approach and the direct challenge thrown out called for a blunt reply. I decided that a heavy counter-attack must be launched against the Soviet delegation.

There were two main reasons for the presence of the 700,000 ex-Wehrmacht

personnel in concentration areas awaiting disbandment. First, we had nowhere to put them if they were disbanded, and we could not guard them if they were dispersed in prison camps over our area. Second, the British Government required 225,000 Germans as reparations labour for the United Kingdom. All had been disarmed, and their headquarters only had sufficient staffs to administer their troops.

I cabled my views to London, and at the Control Council meeting on November 30 I read out a statement in which the following main points were made:

(a) Ex-Wehrmacht personnel were not described as prisoners of war because we did not wish to apply the Geneva Convention to them.

(b) German headquarters were retained for administrative purposes, since it was ridiculous to employ British to administer Germans.

An exaggeration

(c) The numbers contained in the Soviet memorandum were grossly exaggerated: there was only one corps with 99,000 personnel in it.

(d) There was no army group headquarters in the British Zone; none of the staffs had operational branches; and none of them was capable of doing anything but administrative work.

(e) The military and air districts only administered labour gangs, and the tank detachments were all completely disarmed and waiting in concentration areas to be discharged.

(f) The presence of Hungarians and Balts was extremely unwelcome to the British, and in the case of the Hungarians the only reason for their continued presence in the British Zone was the refusal of the Soviet authorities to afford them transport facilities through the Russian Zone.

(g) The proposal to send a Commission was accepted on two conditions: first, that it visit all zones, and, secondly, that it be the forerunner of similar commissions which would investigate other matters within the scope of the Control Council.

Marshal Zhukov replied that in his opinion the British were not fulfilling the terms of the Potsdam Agreement. It was finally agreed, on my proposal, that the matter should be referred to the Co-ordinating Committee for consideration, and that the British Delegation should submit to the Co-ordinating Committee full facts and figures.

The meeting was throughout very friendly. But it was undeniable that, in spite of the excellent personal relationship existing between Marshal Zhukov and myself, the Soviet authorities were deeply suspicious of our holding of 700,000 German troops. The Control Council meeting had not gone badly for us, but it was now essential to disband the German headquarters and to discharge all German disarmed personnel held in concentration areas. I therefore urgently requested permission to be relieved of the order which made me hold 225,000 Germans as reparations labour.

Without waiting for authority from London I gave out orders to my chief

of staff to organize the disbandment of all ex-Wehrmacht personnel held in concentration camps.

Towards the end of the year I pondered deeply over the progress, or lack of progress, we were making in the British Zone. The "Battle of the Winter" was proceeding and I reckoned that we would win it. The Control Commission was well established and was working. We seemed to be marching forward.

We had removed from positions of responsibility large numbers of Nazi Germans, many of them immensely capable people and first-class organizers; these people were now idle and might well cause unrest. We had demobilized into the zone about two million fighting men and another half million remained to be added to the figure. Clearly there was much fertile ground in which evil persons could sow the seeds of discontent and trouble.

As these thoughts passed through my mind I came to the conclusion that we must not let the strength of our armed forces in Germany run down too quickly.

There were so many possibilities of trouble, and so many things that could go wrong, that I decided we must be sure of our ground as we went along. The tendency in Whitehall was to push things along quickly. My view was that to go too quickly might involve us in unpleasant repercussions.

For instance, to me it was clear that political and trade union activities should be allowed to grow from below, steadily and progressively.

Right leadership

If they maintained a sturdy growth from below, throwing up the right type of leader, then all would be well. But if we tried to hasten the crop by imposing a top dressing from above we might well land ourselves in trouble.

My Socialist political masters in Whitehall did not altogether agree, saying they knew more about politics and trade unions than I did—which was, of course, true. But I was responsible for what might happen. So I stuck to my guns and refused to change my policy.

On January 26, 1946, I received official intimation that I had been selected for the appointment of Chief of the Imperial General Staff and was to take over the post on June 26. It was, of course, an immense honour to become professional head of the British Army; I little thought in my Sandhurst days that I would ever rise to that position. Nor did anyone else.

I wondered how I would get on with my new political masters.

I had already had dealings with Attlee and Bevin which had given me much confidence. But I was not so sure about other personalities in the Socialist hierarchy.

© Bernard Law, Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, 1959

NEXT WEEK: I go home—and make myself a nuisance in Whitehall. How Stalin and I ragged Molotov in Moscow



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"Where to, guv?"

The hour of truth

continued from page 18

bottom of the gorge. I had to lie up again when some more men appeared . . . the police, this time.

"Several times I think I passed out. Anyway, I did it in the end. I met a boy cutting reeds. I told him I'd had a fall. He'd got a donkey there to load up with the reeds, and somehow he got me on the donkey and took me to his home, where his mother nursed me. I said I was making for Torrevaliente and in a day or two, when I was better, they fixed up a ride for me on a lorry that was going through."

He stopped, breathing hard. Then he said: "Let's have it, Stacey—what's the set-up now?"

I SAID: "The police brought Frant up to the village where they took me after I left you. I tried to cover up for you. Listen, Adrian—Frant's not your enemy. The man he's after is the murderer of Lorentes, that's all. If you didn't kill him—"

"I told you I didn't."

"It was Cedric, wasn't it?"

"It wasn't his fault . . . he didn't mean it."

I sank down, trembling, on the edge of the bunk. "I suppose every murderer would claim that as an excuse. The truth, Adrian . . . I must have the truth. All of it, from the beginning."

"Too late to matter, isn't it?"

"No, it's not . . . it can't be. There were three of you in it, weren't there? You, Cedric and Juan. You told me Isabel had asked Miguel Lorentes to get in touch with you in London—that wasn't true. How did you get to know he was in London—was it through Juan?"

"What's this in aid of, Stacey?"

Adrian groped for a packet of cigarettes on the cabin table and lit one with shaking fingers. "Hell—what difference can it make at this stage? Yes, it was through Juan, if you want to know."

"Juan was the village lout from Esteroca, of course? The man who for twenty years had known that Miguel knew where the treasure was buried?"

"That's an easy guess, I should think," Adrian limped to the porthole, gazing out. The calm, oily water was losing colour as the light changed and faded. "The three of us used to talk about it—talk of finding it, in the way people talk of winning the pools."

"Cedric?"

"Yes. He knows Spain as well as I do—he fought for the Republicans in the Civil War. It was through Juan I met Cedric originally. Then out of the blue comes Miguel's letter to my Aunt Isabel. She was indiscreet enough to mention it to Juan's mother, their old servant. Ana passed the news on to Juan in the way of casual gossip. Juan wrote tipping me off."

"So I got in touch with Lorentes. He was an earnest young man . . . peculiarly naïve. Knowing the whole story gave me a big pull. We got on together like that." He crossed his fingers. "My trouble was that I was broke. And Miguel had expensive tastes. So Cedric had to be brought in."

YET there was no shame in him, I thought, no repentance, not one shred of remorse. He was telling me, not without pride, a story of a delicate negotiation, skilfully handled.

"Cedric came across handsomely in the matter of financial backing, and for about a week all went merry as a wedding bell. It was fascinating, Stacey—as Miguel talked, you could see his mind opening up, the past growing clearer. He started to describe the trek across the hills that night they hid the jewels. The cave they came to. . . ."

"Then one night I made a fatal error. I introduced Cedric to him. . . ." Adrian dropped down on the other bunk. "The next day Miguel phoned asking me to go round to the flat that evening. I wasn't happy about something in the way he spoke."

"Cedric was with me. He said he'd come along, too, to see what was in the

wind. We soon found out. Somebody had been talking to Miguel—a Spaniard, passing through London, who'd seen Cedric with us and had recognized him from the days of the Civil War and told Miguel he was a Communist."

"Miguel unfortunately had begun to smell a rat—he couldn't see a Red leaning over backwards to help him restore a great fortune to the church. He challenged us both. Cedric blandly denied the whole thing—a shade too blandly, maybe. Miguel told us to get out. Cedric tried to reason with him. You can't reason with a Spaniard when his blood's up. Where he came from, Miguel said, you'd get a knife in your heart for less—and he picked one up, a damned ugly-looking thing he'd been using to peel an apple."

Adrian screwed up his eyes. "I don't know exactly how it happened. I swear I don't, Stacey. I thought it was a bit of foolery, a demonstration that got out of hand, but they were suddenly at each

BLUSHING—3

Blushes cannot be counterfeited.

Marguerite de Valois

other with the knife between them and Cedric turned it against him. It wasn't until Miguel fell to the ground and I saw the blood that I realized. . . . He drew a harsh breath. "God, it was awful. . . . Cedric kept saying: 'I couldn't help it. It was him or me.'"

"He wasn't dead. I thought we ought to do something, but we had to get away. We got out through the bedroom windows and by way of the tradesmen's gate. We separated then and I was halfway to Haverstock Hill when I remembered I'd left my briefcase in Lorentes's sitting-room, and I had to go back."

He lifted his head, listening. The sound of an engine swelled in the silence, faint yet clear.

"Go on, Adrian," I said. I'd got to know it all.

"I had to go back," Adrian said. "And that's when I saw Frant through the keyhole, watched him dial for the police."

I had it at last, I thought. I had the truth at last.

The sound of the engine was loud now, close at hand. It was the Calliope's dinghy. After a minute it

faded and stopped. It must be Cedric.

Adrian suddenly laughed, half under his breath. "But we're not sunk yet, are we?" he said feverishly. "We've got eighty thousand quid between us and final disaster. You've not told me yet what's happening about that. Does Cedric know where you . . . ?"

I got to my feet in anger. "The C.I.D. are already here in Tarragona," I said. "You're mad if you think you can get away. You'll never do it, Adrian, never. But you're innocent of Lorentes's murder, and if you play straight with them. . . ."

We stood facing each other across the narrow cabin table, not speaking, listening to the tread of feet on the deck overhead. The footsteps descended. The door opened. Cedric let it close gently behind him. "Sorry about the hitch, Adrian," he said. "Have you managed to persuade her?"

"Persuade her?"

I said: "Cedric wanted to know what I'd done with the jewels, Adrian. I said I must see you first."

"What for?" Adrian's narrowed glance passed between us. "Why on earth . . . ?"

"They're out of your reach," I said.

"They're back at Esteroca. In the church, where they belong."

There was a dead silence.

"You little bitch!" Cedric's voice rose to a savage scream. "You. . . ."

I turned to him. His face was crimson and ugly with rage. I said: "I did it for Adrian's sake—gave them back in his name. It was the only way out for him. He's not going to pay for the crime you committed, if anything I can do can prevent it. You killed Lorentes."

"I had to! The boy went berserk. It was his life or mine."

"You'll be able to explain that to the court."

"Court?" Cedric said. "What court?"

Startlingly, Adrian laughed. He was dead white. "Stacey tells me that Scotland Yard's in Tarragona now."

Cedric looked at me. His eyes were blank. "In that case, we'd better not waste time talking." He turned, and dragged open the door. "Adrian . . . if you can manage it, I'll need your help. We had better be moving."

CEDRIC and Adrian started to go up. I sank down on the bunk. Cedric meant to run for it. Would Frant understand my message?

I could hear them moving on deck. There was silence for a while, followed by a sharpening of angry voices. Another silence, and then a sudden, harsh cry. Seconds later I heard a splash.

I got to my feet, cold with sudden fear. I tugged at the cabin door and

stumbled up on deck. Cedric was standing near the rail—alone. A scream rose to my lips. "Adrian! What have you . . . ?"

"He . . . fell." Cedric turned. "He was pretty tottery, and the anchor. . . ."

"Do something!" I ran to the side.

Cedric said: "Do something yourself—if you think he's worth it."

The water was quite warm. I came up quite close to Adrian and got an arm under him. His hand gripped painfully into my shoulder, dragging me down, and I had to gasp: "Don't . . . don't do that . . . you'll have us both under."

"Deliberate. . . ." He coughed, gulping for air. "Knocked me over . . . dangerous cargo. . . ."

"Don't talk." I pushed the dripping hair back from my face. The yacht was moving away. Cedric meant us to drown, to be rid of us both.

ADRIAN was quieter, trying to help me. Somewhere on our left were the rocks near which the Calliope had been anchored. Looking round, I saw them, much farther away than I had expected, rising gauntly from the glassy sheen of the water. I swam towards them. My legs worked mechanically, thrusting and closing, but after a while I could feel their drive beginning to slacken. Adrian's weight was growing heavier, too, and the water which had seemed so warm when I had first struck it was numbing my limbs with an icy chill. I could feel myself losing buoyancy, settling deeper in it so that it washed over my face, taking my breath. My mind became quite blank, so that I was neither hopeful nor afraid.

I think I must have closed my eyes, for I remember finally nothing but darkness and the seething of water in my ears. A surging noise filled them, swelling into a strange roar, and dying. . . .

Then I could hear voices. "Steady . . . that's it . . . up, up." A British voice, quiet, laconic. Something hard was against my ribs, the edge of a boat. Hands beneath my armpits were lifting me clear of the water. . . .

I was lying back against a man's arm. In the soft grey dusk I could see his face as he leaned over me, blunt-featured, concerned.

"Mrs. Elvin? Do you remember what happened?"

I tried to tell him. My throat was flayed and raw with salt. "My husband. . . ."

"We've got you both. It's all right. I'm Locke, of the C.I.D. We were on our way out to the Calliope, but she can wait. She'll not get far."

Brandy stung my throat and spread its life-giving warmth through my veins. I could not see Adrian. He was lying in the bottom of the boat and two men were bending over him, hiding him from me.

WE reached a wide, lonely shore where a small group of men stood waiting and watching as the boat ran in to the beach. They carried Adrian off first. I saw that he was unconscious, his head hanging limply. Hands helped me, lifted me. They set me down on the pebbles, steadied me as I took a few uncertain steps to where they had laid him down.

They were still working over him. But it was a gesture they were making, that was all. It could do no good. I knew it before their faces told me, before they drew back to make way for me.

I sank down beside him on the shingle. They had moved him so that he lay on his back—easily, peacefully, almost as though he had gone to sleep there in the sun that must have flooded the beach an hour ago. He looked very young.

I got to my feet at last. I walked forward blindly, stumbling over the pebbles. Higher up on the beach a figure moved away from the group standing there, and came towards me.

It was Frant. He stood still, watching me, waiting for me.

THE END

© Denise Egerton, 1959

"The Hour Of Truth" will be published in July by Hodder & Stoughton, price 12s. 6d.



"Play with it properly, dear"



How Prince Philip is changing the Royal Family

continued from page 7

innocuous, way of soft-peddling privileges of birth and wealth.

This is just one of the ancient traditions which have gone overboard. Televising the opening of Parliament, hitherto as resplendently remote and traditional as anything in the Royal ritual, was authorized by the Queen in the face of much head-shaking and doubting by members of the Lords and the officials of the Household.

The amazingly personal and forthright speeches and messages from the Queen to the President of the Federal German Republic when he visited Britain in October, represented a departure from protocol and bore the stamp of the frank, extrovert touch of Prince Philip.

There will be more changes to come. Prince Philip likes to escape from the turgid formalities of Royal travel by train in favour of a helicopter, plane or car. The Queen travels by these means more than any monarch ever has, and it is confidently expected among railwaymen that the Royal train will very soon be just an ordinary "special" as regards routing, timing and control.

Lord Altrincham's attack on the

Queen's clothes was laughed at by the Prince, but the Queen, being a woman, took it more seriously. She has definite ideas on what she wants to wear. She likes blue, and dark colours, principally because the Queen Mother always wears pastel shades. She will not wear a crinoline, or even a stiffened petticoat, because she might look like her mother.

"How can the press say this is a crinoline?" she once angrily asked a few personal friends, holding out the rather skimpy skirt of her satin gown. She rarely listens to advice and insists on the style she likes.

"It might be her grandmother, Queen Mary, talking," an adviser once said.

The Prince, with a knowledge of press and television cameras, occasionally criticizes. After the Queen's arrival at Ottawa in a red velvet coat and hat, they were shown the newsreel.

"You see, sweetie, how dark it appears," he remarked to the Queen. "I warned you that in black and white it would look like a funeral get-up."

Lord Altrincham also made charges of dreary Royal speeches delivered in a colourless tone.

The first major speech heard by the

world after this attack, was the Queen's Christmas broadcast. It revealed an entirely new personality, and not only because it was televised.

The speech was drafted by the Queen's assistant private secretary, Lt.-Col. The Hon. Martin Charteris, forty-five years old and a typical member of the influential "modern" section of the Queen's Household.

But the Queen always goes over her speeches personally and makes so many alterations that they are practically her own work by the time they are finished. On this occasion she stressed that she wished to make this message more personal and direct.

"It is inevitable," she said, "that I should appear a rather remote figure to many of you . . . someone whose face may be familiar in newspapers and films but never touching your personal lives. But now, at least for a few minutes, I welcome you to the peace of my home."

The die was cast. The Queen had at last wholeheartedly adopted the Prince's attitude. The new policy was not to be the remoteness of a throne but a personal "one-of-you" approach.

The Prince often protests when the Royal cars go too fast, so that the crowds lining the streets cannot see the Queen.

"For God's sake slow down!" he said once to the chauffeur. And on another occasion, when an official said they were behind schedule, he replied: "What the hell! The people have waited for hours, some all night. It is they who matter."

But on some matters Prince Philip can be firmly formal. He supports a continuance of the ban on the Duchess of Windsor being received at Court. From the beginning, he said it was impossible for Princess Margaret to marry Peter Townsend. Behind his charming smile and warm handshake there is determination to keep the throne strong, uncontaminated and intact.

Plan to keep moving

His tours in the Dominions and sister nations of the Commonwealth have made him favour Royal residences, rather than palaces, in them all. A nomadic existence for a Royal Family, spending a definite time in each Commonwealth in turn, does not appal him, though it certainly horrifies the old guard.

Possibly he will have to compromise on this idea, but there is no doubt that he will do his best to persuade the Queen to undertake more tours, however exhausting they may be to the entourage, and however beset with problems for the government.

Queen Victoria was often called the

"Prime Minister behind the Prime Minister" (and was bitterly criticized and lampooned for it). Edward VII presented to his ministers a *fait accompli* in the Entente Cordiale. George V argued with Lloyd George with all the acerbity of a member of the Opposition. Edward VIII intruded in politics to an extent which annoyed Baldwin at least comparably with his lack of observance of Royal duties in love and marriage. George VI, as Churchill was the first to admit, had the rôle of valued adviser both in war and peace.

Elizabeth, at the outset of her reign, perhaps because she was very conscious of being a mere girl in the presence of a political giant like Churchill and the skilled statesmen who followed him, tried to minimize the part she played in the nation's political affairs.

This has not been quite the easy solution she may have hoped to achieve.

The Queen's choice

The surprising choice of Harold Macmillan for Prime Minister, after Sir Anthony Eden's retirement, instead of R. A. Butler, has been ascribed to a Royal decision. History may praise or blame the Queen as the sole arbiter in this matter.

In fact, there is little doubt that she merely reflected the opinions of a small group of advisers which included the Marquess of Salisbury and Sir Winston Churchill.

Yet, whatever changes may be made, however little the Queen may wish to interfere in affairs of State, her quandary remains. It is still her task to confirm or reject ministerial and other appointments. There can always be occasions when the appointment becomes not a Royal formality but a Royal decision.

And the Queen is aware, too, that her influence not only in Britain and the Dominions but also in the rest of the world, is more widespread than that of any Queen who has ever lived. Thanks to broadcasts, television and the enormous growth of newspapers and literate people to read them, the Queen is known as no other woman is known. What she says and does has a direct effect on millions of her subjects.

This enormous influence, rather than any flights of statecraft, may still bring true the prophecy of the famous Gipsy Lee, who once read the hand of the youthful Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, now the Queen Mother.

"You will become a Queen," the old woman prophesied, "and your daughter will be the greatest Queen this country has ever known."

THE END

Saracen Tower

continued from page 4

then there was still less reason for anyone to remember. Except for Gioia.

"I think I will die if I go on living here," Gioia had said once when we were out swimming. "Day after day the same." She had turned her head away from me and the sun caressed her tanned skin. I wanted to touch it with my lips. If I could have eased her heart I would have drowned in front of her.

"Gioia," I had whispered. "Can't you love me, ever?"

She turned and looked at me with eyes that saw nothing. There was nothing there for me and I wanted to die. And as I remembered it now, leaning against the warm brown wood of the gunwale, I wanted to die again. How could anyone love so much and get nothing in return?

I was still standing like that when the guests from the hotel came down to be taken for their cruise. I greeted them, "Buon giorno, signora, signore, signorina." And the little American boys shouted, "Ciao, Carlo," expecting me to laugh with them. I tried to laugh, but it was empty. And they felt it and were hurt. It wasn't much of a cruise.

As each hour went by I thought, *They*

are in Genova now. Now they're buying a dress for her. He'll be touching it. Patting it smooth. Now they'll be walking in the streets. . . . And I could see the spring of her step and the white gold crown of her hair as her face lifted to his. I gripped the wheel until the blood left my hands, and shut my eyes.

The sun lowered itself and the sky turned from silk blue to a warm golden rose in the west. I swung the boat broadside to the beach and ran the little framework of planks up to the side for the passengers to get out. "Buona sera, signora, signore, signorina. Ciao, ragazzi."

But my eyes were searching the front for the little grey motor car, for a white dress, for a gold crown of hair. Would they never go? "Buona sera, Grazie tante. Sì, Sì, domani signorina." Until at last they were gone.

I took the steps two at a time, running in to the square. I had to know if they were back. . . . And the first thing I saw was the Topolino, parked in the middle.

"Hi, Carlo!"

I swung round. But it was only Pietro, my cousin.

"Did you know that Alberto was

back?" he said, nodding at the little car.

"Yes," I said. "Did you see him?"

He nodded, and jerked his head upwards towards the Saracen Tower.

"With Gioia?" I whispered. He hesitated and then nodded again, gripping my wrist at the same time.

"Don't let it bother you," he said. "She isn't worth it. She's just like him." I looked at him as if he were mad, and shook my hand free.

"You're not going after them?" he said with sudden urgency. And again I looked at him. Was I? I don't think I'd thought of it. And yet when he said it I knew that I must.

"Yes," I said. "I am."

"You're mad," he said.

I shook him off as if he didn't exist. And then I was climbing the steep path to the Castello, the tower the Saracen pirates built 350 years ago, when they ruled this coast as Alberto had ruled our childhood. I climbed with leaden, painful steps. I felt the razor against my cheek again. Would he dare to shoot? Would he? He had always dared everything. But here in the open, in the clear warm light?

Some of the lead went out of my steps. What you dare as a child, and what you dare as a man are two different things. I flexed my hands and suddenly I saw quite clearly what I was going to do. As if it were already done. Let him show what kind of man he had become.

I climbed the last steps and saw

them standing by the parapet looking down at the sea. Alberto had his arm round her waist. Her new dress glowed and rippled as she moved. The tower lifted its grey stones beside me, shadowing me, but they stood in the last of the sunlight, ten yards away from me, against the outermost parapet. Below them the cliff sloped a little outwards for half its depth, and then in again, down to the rocks below.

I walked softly towards them. But Alberto heard me and swung round. Gioia swung too, but slowly, with a kind of drugged happiness in her face.

"Carlo!" Alberto said. And his hand slid inside his coat for his gun. My face must have told him what was going to happen.

"Would you like to walk the parapet, Alberto?" I said. I slid my hands under his armpits and lifted, and he went across the parapet like a cat in a sack, struggling but helpless. Suddenly I realized how strong my hands had become, working down on the beach. I leaned on top of him, pushing him farther and farther out until only my own weight held him from falling.

"I'll kill you for this," he whispered, and the gun was out now. But I could see the trembling of his hand.

"Then kill me, Alberto," I said. "You can only fail. Do you remember how you used to say that, Alberto?"

He opened his mouth to scream. I hooked the fingers that held him under



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NAME (Mr., Mrs., Miss)

Full Postal

ADDRESS

J.21/10.150

COUNTY

Saracen Tower

continued from page 27

his armpits and the scream became a choking gasp of agony. "Have you gone raving mad?" he croaked. "What are you after? What do you want?" he moaned, and it was a thin, breaking scream, of fear.

"Only payment," I whispered down into his chalk-pale face. "Payment for all the times I was afraid."

The gun came wavering round.

"Shoot," I said. "Pull the trigger, little Alberto. Brave Alberto." I leaned on him. Behind us was the Saracen Tower, and Gioia screaming. Below us, the long, scrambling slope of the cliff, then nothingness—fathom on fathom of empty space. . . .

"I'll shoot," quavered Alberto. I saw the sweat filming and greasing his upper lip. I leaned still farther out. My feet were off the ground.

Only Gioia beating, pulling at me, held me from falling. And I held Alberto. I slackened my hands a fraction and he felt himself going. And

twisted my head round and up. Gioia leaning over the parapet.

"Get a rope," I whispered, afraid to say it loud in case even that effort made us fall. The bush creaked again. A fibre of its dead heart snapped.

"I can't hear you," shouted Gioia, her voice shrill with terror.

"A rope," I shouted, holding myself rigid. "Pietro is below. Tell him. . . ." Another fibre of the bush snapped, like a violin string breaking. Gioia's head vanished from above and I wanted to scream for her to come back.

Alberto's hands had slackened now. He was not really conscious any more. All that was holding him was my knee raised up between his legs. I lay with my back to the rock, almost spread-eagled, one knee raised up. And he lay on my chest, face against my shoulder, his legs straddling my knee, hands slowly loosening their grip.

All of his weight was resting on my knee now. And mine was on the creaking, breaking stump of a dead bush. Without his weight it would hold for ever. But with the two of us? I had only to lower my knee, straighten my leg. And he would slide down. . . .

It seemed a long time after that before the rope came coiling and snaking down beside me. Then Pietro, walking backwards down the cliff, the rope running loose round his waist.

He fastened the free end round Alberto first, and went back hand over hand. A minute later, Alberto's body began to move slowly upwards.

Then me, half-pulled, half-climbing, until I lay across the parapet again, sucking in great draughts of air.

Five yards away, Alberto was lying on the ground. And Gioia was with him, his head cradled in her lap, her eyes blind to all but his bruised white face, her voice crooning his name.

Pietro drew me across the stone coping, steadied me as my legs shook and threatened to buckle under me. "Look," he said. "Trash to trash."

I leaned on him, my arm round his shoulders. "Gioia," I said, my throat dry and croaking. "Gioia." She stared at me, and then looked down again, like a mother who has saved her child.

"Come away," said Pietro.

THERE was nothing else to do, and I let him draw me towards the steps. "Goodbye, Gioia," I said. But she never answered me. And the last I ever saw of her was that gold splendour of her head bent over Alberto.

They went away that night and have never come back again. And Pietro and I went slowly down the steps.

And then a little way down we turned a corner by some olive trees on a narrow terrace, and I saw the violet sea spread out. Suddenly I felt alive.

Tomorrow I could be happy again as I had been happy only that same morning. And yet it would be a different happiness. Because now no man could take it from me.

THE END

© Brian Cleeve, 1959

BLUSHING—4

Blushing is the ambiguous livery worn alike by modesty and shame.

Mrs. Balfour

I saw in his eyes that in that fraction of a moment he was living through all the coming fall.

"No!" he shrieked. "No!" The gun went out of his hand; struck rock and fired, its bullet whining into emptiness. Alberto wound his arms round me, spat and slobbered with fear.

"All right," I said. "That's enough. . . ." Or I started to say it. But in the same second Alberto twisted in my arms and Gioia hit me again. Between my shoulders, that were already far out over the parapet.

I felt my body swaying downwards, and knew that the balance was gone. Alberto screamed as he felt us falling, wrapped himself round me like a twisting rope.

I saw the sea tilting its blue surface until it became the sky, saw the grey wall of the rock as we fell, saw Gioia's face lean out over the parapet. Over and over we went in a great, swinging cartwheel, locked in each other's arms.

Then we struck, Alberto underneath, the breath going out of him in a gasping agony. We struck the steep slope of the rock, slid ten feet in a crackle of bushes breaking, stones falling. I clawed, rolled, flung my free arm round the thick, dead butt of a bush.

Stillness. We were not falling any more. Then I looked down at the sea and my stomach heaved. We had fallen about forty feet. Below us the last thirty feet of the slope ran down and slightly outwards. And below that, eighty more feet below that, the sea.

"Carlo! Carlo!" It was a long time before I recognized my name. "Carlo! Carlo!" Very slowly, very carefully I



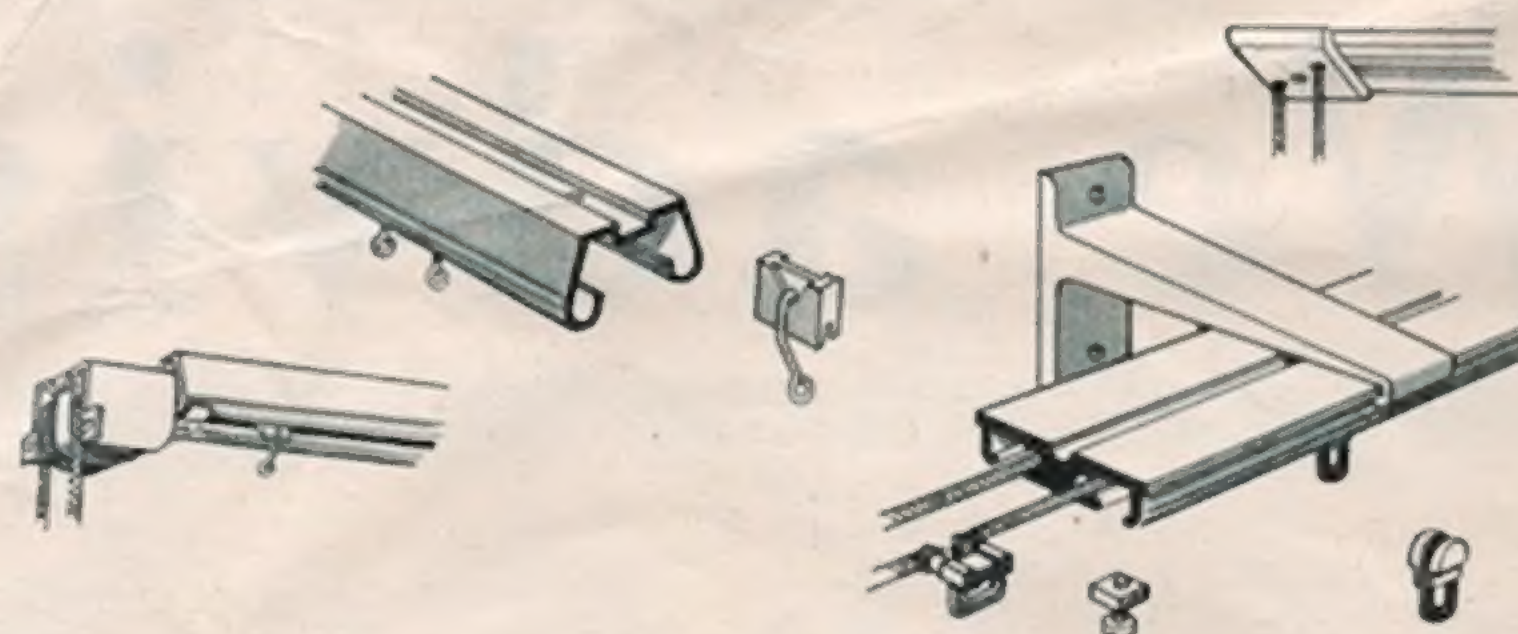
"That tree was a close thing, George"

KEEP THIS

Here is another guide for handymen devised by Roger Smithells to help you pick the right methods and materials for your jobs around the house

Handyman Guide 16

RAILS AND RODS

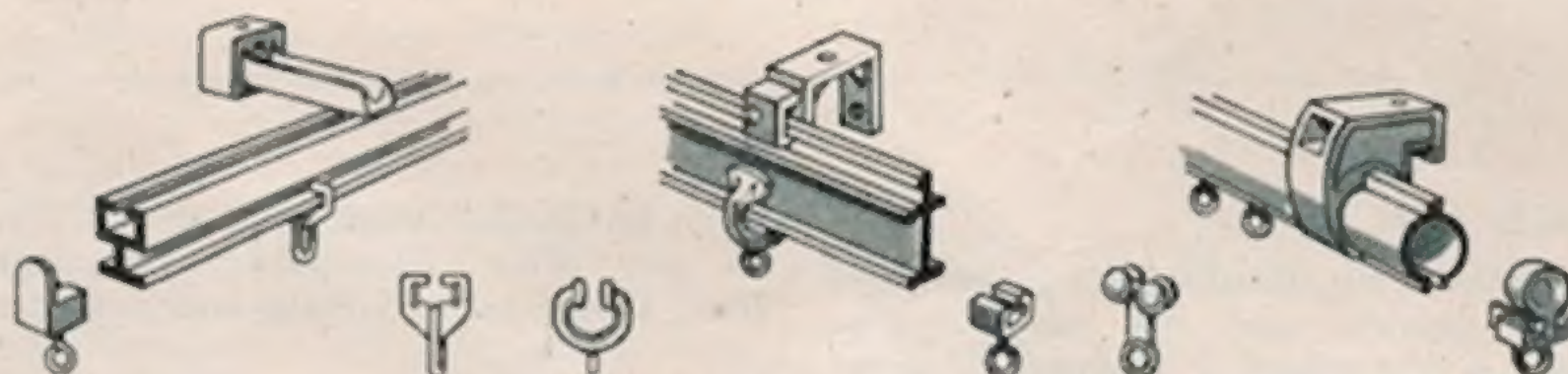


RUFFLETTE DOUBLE TRACK.

A cord operated system. Nylon gliders run on a track of pressed steel, and are concealed from view, making this a neat, unobtrusive unit. The strength of this track makes it suitable for even the heaviest curtains

SILENT GLISS, anodized aluminium rail.

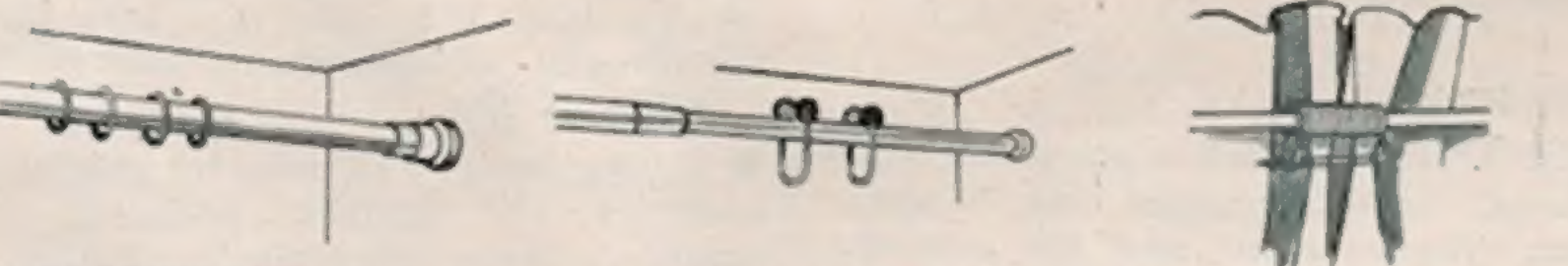
A very wide range of rails and fittings make this type suitable for almost any curtain and for fitting every type of window. Illustrated is ornamental double cord section. Nylon gliders with eyes or hooks are used



SWISH nylon rail. All the fittings for this system are made from nylon, making it quiet and smooth in action. The range includes valance rail and brackets

EZEGLIDE plastic rail. Nylon fittings are used. A type is made from brass, using brass runners with wheels. Obtainable only from Woolworth's stores

TUBEWAY plastic rail for light or heavy curtains. Available in a variety of colours. Sold assembled ready for fixing, in lengths of three feet and upwards



QUICKFIT ROD. In aluminium bright finish. Fit the rod between two surfaces, turn towards you, and end brackets hold it firm. No screws used

POROSAN ROD. Light alloy spring rod. In lengths from 1 ft. 6 in. to 6 ft. Adjustable for exact fitting. No screws needed. Curtain accessories are available

CURPIN. Stainless steel pins for use on expanding curtain wire. Pin to the back of your curtain and thread them on. No hooks or runners are needed

Further details from: Silent Gliss Ltd., 29/30 Windmill Street, London, W.1. Swish Products Ltd., Blenheim Works, 554 Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham. Tubeway (Sales) Ltd., 59 Brompton Road, London, S.W.3. Universal Sellers Ltd (Quickfit Rod), 4a Kidderpore Avenue, London, N.W.3. Porosan House, 30 South Street, Chichester, Sussex. Curpin, 185 Kensington High Street, London, W.8.

It's an idea

SAVE THOSE CARDS



This week's guinea-winning idea comes from Mrs. Gowers of Bromley, who says: "Don't throw away your loveliest Christmas cards. Use them to cover a tray or table top with a montage of cards, or motifs, under a cover of sheet glass or transparent Fablon. Make a teapot stand by pasting a card to a block of smooth sanded wood and painting it with heat-resisting Convento-Lac."

Send your bright idea, with a rough drawing where possible, to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. One guinea will be paid for each idea published

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to the "John Bull Illustrated" Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise...

RECENTLY I have noticed that the back boiler tank emits a continuous, low boiling sound after the fire has been drawing under for a time. There is no knocking or rumbling, but the water in the storage system takes quite a time to get warm.—A. P., Lancs.

● If you bank the fire up high, the boiler is bound to boil. But do have the pipe circulation checked. Bad circulation may well aggravate the trouble, and should be remedied.

FENCE HIM IN

THERE is no dividing fence between my garden and my neighbour's. He has a dog which is allowed to roam over my garden, with the result that my son, who is a little nervous, won't play in the garden.—P. R., Radnorshire.

● Providing the dog is not known to be dangerous, you cannot prevent your neighbour from allowing it to roam. Your only remedy, therefore, would be to erect a fence.

WHO PAYS?

LIGHTNING struck a bungalow near here, and damaged an electric meter. Replacement cost £8, and the tenant was told he must pay. I live in a council house: if lightning damaged my meter, would I have to pay?—C. B., Norfolk.

● The Electricity Board usually makes it a condition of supply that the tenant be responsible for damage to a meter. If the tenant refuses to accept responsibility, the Board will stop supplying him with electricity.

MASTERING PLASTER

WE are moving into a new house soon, and are distressed at the mess the plasterers have made on the new floors which we hoped to stain and polish. How can we remove the plaster?—R. E. S., Dunfermline.

● There's no easy way, but it can be done. Buy some medium grade steel wool and some turpentine, and rub the plaster marks. They will disappear without damage to the wood. It's a backbreaking task, but worth doing.

EDGES CURLING

LINO I laid a few weeks ago is curling under at the joints and edges. How can I make these lie flat, preferably without sticking them down.—G. C., Essex.

● Stick strips of hessian or thin webbing with lino adhesive on the underside where the edges join. It will hold them together and prevent curling.

DIFFERENT TRAIN

BECAUSE of a derailment, my train left from a different terminus, and I had to use the Underground to get there. I think British Railways are answerable for my fare on the Tube. They say the responsibility is mine.—P. S., Dover.

● The railways do not guarantee a passenger who buys a ticket transport

by a particular train, and as you chose to use other transport, you cannot hold them liable for its cost.

BLEAK HOUSE

THE new house I moved into only a few months ago is now full of damp caused, I believe, by inadequate drainage of a very wet site. Ventilation under the house is almost non-existent, and as a result the parquet floor is ruined and the smell of damp is horrible. Can I compel the builder to rectify this? If he does not, is he liable for breach of agreement?—L. R., London, N.20.

● If your house was built for you under contract, the contract probably contained a clause relieving the builder of liability for defects unless they appeared within the time stated. In such a case he could be held liable

unless the agreed time has expired. If there was no such clause, and the damage was due to his bad workmanship, you could compel him to put the house in proper order. If you bought it ready built, you are presumed, in law, to have done so at your own risk.

IDEAL LIGHTING

I HAVE a large room, about eighteen by fifteen feet, which is in regular use. Would you advise tube lighting? If so, what length and candle-power should I use?—G. O., Barnsley.

● Tube lighting is not ideal for rooms in which you relax. It is inclined to give a hard, shadowless light—good for workrooms, kitchens or bathrooms, but not very comfortable in a living-room. Try fitting wall lights, and supplementing them with standard and table lamps—60 watts for background light and 100 or more for close work.

WISH TO HELP

I WISH to bequeath my eyes to help a blind person, and my body for research. Whom do I notify? And, since I am married, do I need my husband's consent?—A. S., Sheffield.

● Contact the nearest ophthalmic hospital to make the necessary arrangements about giving your eyes. The bequest of your body should be arranged with the Inspector of

Anatomy, Ministry of Health, Savile Row, W.1. For both requests you need the agreement of your next of kin or executor.

SITE ONLY

I OWN several cottages and also the house in which I live. All are in a demolition area for slum clearance. How can I discover my position regarding compensation? The local authority seems evasive.—S. H., Yorks.

● In the case of a demolition order under a slum clearance scheme, you would only be compensated for the value of the site on which the cottages stand. This value must be settled by agreement between you and the council, and if it cannot, must be referred to the Lands Tribunal for a decision.

BY ANY OTHER NAME

I S it possible to add another Christian name legally? If so, how does one go about it?—D. K., Leeds.

● There is no legal procedure for changing a Christian name or adding another. When you are generally known by a new name it becomes your legal name. As the Birth Registration cannot be altered, if any confusion should arise between the two names, you or anyone concerned may have to swear a declaration, before a Commissioner for Oaths, that both represent one and the same person.

CAN I CLAIM?

I AM undertaking to pay the school fees for my grandson, who is not under my care. Can you tell me if I can claim for them against my income tax?—J. P., Shrewsbury.

● The only way to obtain relief for school fees is to execute a deed of covenant in your grandson's favour. A solicitor would advise you on the best way of doing this.

PENNY'S PRICE

WHEN I was very young, I was told that an 1864 penny was very valuable. I always used to examine my money closely in the hope of finding one, but I never did. Now I have found one. Can you tell me what the value is?—A. H., Potters Bar, Middlesex.

● Pennies dated 1864 are rare, but not exceptionally so. A good specimen is worth about ten shillings to a coin collector.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS

keeps practical homelovers up to date

● **New Surform plane:** Just on the market is the Surform "Craftsman" plane, which combines the Surform non-clogging cutting principle with the weight and feel of a traditional plane. This new tool is fitted with standard Surform blades, and can be used on a large range of materials. It costs 27s. 6d., fitted with a standard blade, from tool shops.

● **Compact step-ladder:** Designed for the housewife and home decorator, the Super-Step is a compact and useful ladder with an extendable safety handle to hold on to when you're standing on the top step. It also has a detachable bucket locking attachment at the top, and non-slip feet and treads. The Super-Step folds away into a compact carton with a rubber carrying handle when not in use. Height 36 in., price 57s. 6d. Made by S. Sims & Sons, Ltd., New Whittington, Chesterfield. You can buy it at ironmongers.

● **Self-watering jardinière:** Cope & Walker, of 11 Old Bond Street, long famous for their self-watering window boxes, are now making an indoor version, for people who cannot remember to water the plants. The trough is 27 in. long

by 7 in. wide, and has a simple four-legged stand 26 in. high. Four pints of water in the reservoir will last for fourteen days. In white only, the C. W. Jardinière costs 59s. 6d.

● **Cold-weather painting:** To make paint easier to apply in cold weather, stand the tin in a saucepan of hot water. Renew the water as it cools. (From Mr. R. A. Hall, Cheltenham.)

● **Floor saver:** To prevent legs of wooden chairs scratching lino, stick a small round of felt to the bottom of each leg.

● **Drilling bigger holes:** Holes up to 1½ in. diameter can now be bored in wood, building board and similar materials, with a ¼-in. power drill, with the aid of the new "Slickbits." These are sold in sets of six with a ¼-in. shank. They are attached to the shank with an Allen screw, and a key is provided for the purpose. The set costs 10s. 6d. in a plastic wallet.

● **Felt weatherstrip:** You can make your own weatherstrip out of an old felt hat. Cut it into a long strip, as if you were peeling an apple, starting at the brim, and then soak the strip in a bowl of

warm water. Pull it straight and dry, and you will have several yards of draught strip. (From Mrs. Chadwick, Uttroxteter.)

● **Portable thermostat:** Electrical heating appliances with thermostats which keep the temperature constant, have proved their worth many times over. Now you can buy a thermostat plug on its own, into which can be wired several appliances which do not have fitted thermostats. The Kieft plug-in thermostat is covered in plastic, has an easy to set dial and costs 63s. Made by R. B. Pullin & Co., Ltd., Phoenix Works, Great West Road, Middlesex.

● **Clean painting:** To prevent a paintbrush slipping into a tin of paint and getting paint on the handle, screw a cuphook to the handle, and hook it to the rim of the tin. (From Mr. Ivor Jones, Caernarvon.)

* * *

If you have a trouble-saving, money-saving household tip for this column send it in to Roger Smithells, "John Bull Illustrated," 189 High Holborn, W.C.1. One guinea is paid for each tip published.

FIRST GIANT of 1959

"BULLETS" PRIZES and GIFTS SOAR to VALUE OVER

WIN a CAR

OF YOUR CHOICE, PLUS CASH TO COMPLETE BULLETS

£1,000

2-in-1 FIRST PRIZE



Choose (if you wish) this lovely Ford £601. 7s. ANGLIA DE LUXE, plus cash to complete your £1,000 Award. YOU decide on both CAR & CASH—or choose £850 lump sum prize if you prefer.

OTHER AWARDS GALORE

£50 £25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 £4 10 of £3

300 NEW £1 PRESENTATION PARCELS—2000 OTHER PRIZES

Including over **6,000** "GOLDEN BOOKLET" PRESENTATIONS—see coupon

POST by MON JAN 19 and DON'T MISS Bullets 2nd JANUARY GIANT—NEXT WEEK!

HUNDREDS of readers won fat Bullets cheques in 1958—now Bullets New Year Campaign opens with the first of the January Giants.

Prizes have rocketed to value over £1,750 this week. And your reward for a few minutes' Fun With Words can be that £1,000 Car-plus-Cash telegram on Wednesday, January 28.

YOU NEXT?

"I COLLECTED my Ford car on Saturday," said Bullets recent Car-plus-Cash winner—family man Mr. R. K. Chappell, 68 Catford Hill, London, S.E.6. "No more clambering on buses and trains with folding push-chairs!"

His Bullets cheque has helped with plans for his new home. His Bullets car has filled the coming months with family outings. YOU can be next for a thrilling success.

★ Start now on your way to this week's £1,000 Car-plus-Cash First with your Coupon below!



Off for a trip in his new Bullets Ford!

LATEST WINNERS — BULLETS 2,170

£1,000 plus Christmas Hamper: Mrs. I. K. V. Spray, 51 Sutton Road, Mansfield:

THIS WAY TO WIN

HERE'S how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners below. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet for your coupon waiting at foot of page.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any EXAMPLE

The Motherland
If I Had A Magic Wand
Man At The Crossroads
King Cotton
Far From Civilization
A Woman's Life
Trouble In Berlin

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 1s. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated February 14, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, January 31, for early news of Bullets No. 2,175 First Prize Award.)

The Builders
Joys Of Motoring
Caught In The Blizzard
Dangerous Machine
Shouting The Loudest
My Sweet
Saved A Lot Of Bothers
Blow To His Pride
Full Of Ideas
Kissing And Cuddling
In The Queue For Jobs
Unexplored Territory
When The Lights Are Low

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as usual.

We Hate..... But
Dishing Out The.....
While She's.....
In 's Memoirs
Tribute To
The Misfired And

● ADDRESS ENTRY: Bullets 2,175, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99 ●

Road 1959—
Towards Moon, Stars—"Sun"?

£50 C. Rook, 33 Andrew Street, Manchester: The Brakes Screeched And—Life's "Roulette Wheel" Spun.

£25 Mrs. H. Cleghorn, 32 Bellevue Road, Edinburgh: The Old, Old Enemy—Lurking "Behind Our Teeth!"

£20 A. V. Prince, Greenfield House, Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire: Cry From The Miners—Lost In Board's "Workings"?

£10 C. D. Smith, 19 Summerfield Terrace, Aberdeen: Leadership—By "Pied Piper"—Communism!

£9 A. Alexander, 21 Fortescue Road, Bournemouth: What Officials Found—"Rich Seam" Under—Nationalisation!

£8 L. Davies, 42 Wyld Green Road, Sutton Coldfield: In The World Of Dreams—Commonwealth's "Space" Needn't Be!

£7 G. Davies, 44 Studholme Avenue, Penwortham, Preston, Lancs: The Three R's—L.S.D. Threatening?

£6 W. Evans, 72 Shawbrook Road, Manchester: In Moderation—"Weeds" Won't Make Widows!

£5 H. High, 51 Edilom Road, Higher Crumpsall, Manchester: Something To Celebrate—First Motorway—Now "Accelerate"!

(Each winner from £50 to £5 received also a Christmas Hamper.)

Ten winners of £3, 80 of £1, all plus Christmas Cakes, and 2,000 other Awards have also been posted.

Expert comments on winning Bullets are in "Comp," out Mondays.

POST this GIANT CAR-plus-CASH OFFER COUPON by MON., JAN. 19

EXAMPLE	1s.
BULLET	
EX.	1s.
B.	
EX.	1s.
B.	
EX.	1s.
B.	
EX.	1s.
B.	

OVER
6,000
FREE GIFTS
ARRIVING THURS., FEB. 5



Bullets 2,175

Signed.....

Address.....

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value.....

No.....

£100 "GOLDEN BOOKLET" GIFTS FOR ENTRANTS OF 5 EFFORTS ON THIS COUPON

* If entering 5 efforts, complete this

FREE GIFT LABEL

Name.....

Address.....

A WORD OF ADVICE TO WEARERS OF FALSE TEETH

Any Dentist will tell you that after extractions your gums gradually continue to change shape. However well made, your denture may become loose and suction fails to keep it in place at all times. A plate which is loose or rocks, or drops when chewing, talking or laughing destroys self-confidence and often causes shyness.

A denture fixative like Dr. Wernet's Powder is the answer to these embarrassing moments. Dr. Wernet's is a hygienic tasteless powder recommended by Dentists all over the world. You simply sprinkle it on your plate every morning and for the rest of the day you can forget your teeth. Wernet's holds the denture firm and comfortable and prevents any soreness of the gums. You can eat what you like, laugh and talk without fear.

Why suffer mouth discomfort another day when you can prove the amazing difference Dr. Wernet's Powder makes. Get a tin from your chemist to-day.



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